

HIGH TECH MICRO PERFORATION

 TOP|FLIGHT

STANDARDS®

B6S
5 SUBJECT
WIDE RULE

B6S
180

Sheets

10.5 in x 8 in / 26.7 cm x 20.3 cm



0 175755 131414 6
Top Flight, Inc. • Chattanooga, TN 37408
www.topflightpaper.com




SUSTAINABLE
FORESTRY
INITIATIVE

Certified Sourcing
www.sfiprogram.org
SFI-00001



Made in USA

I have no regrets for what I may do or what I have done. I am who I am, and no fucking human shit can take that away from me. I'm an "EGS" recruit; you're worthless fucking humans. One day you'll all see things my way; especially when our ghost squad invades your pathetic putrid planet and become our slaves for the rest of your lives. I won't stop. I won't change. I won't cower. I won't fight for the Squad and do what I've set out to do. I'm Andrew Fucking Blaze. 

November 23, 2016

As the late Eric Harris once said, "I hate the fucking world." What an inspiration. Out of all of the ones who have influenced me Eric Harris is one of the newest. I would've killed to have met the guy. I think we would've connected on so many levels. I would kill to be able to gather a mass amount of ammunition and weaponry and to just destroy anyone who has the misfortune of crossing my path. Everyone on this pathetic putrid planet needs to be fucking slaughtered.

What makes someone as innocent looking as me want to cause mass devastation and manipulation? I have my reasons; some more morbid than others. I've hated humans my entire life. I hated making friends, "socializing" amongst my classmates, and just overall being spoken to. Humans are WORTHLESS. We are living, breathing, moving trash. I don't care what you say; life is a never ending simulation of hell. I'm not afraid of humans; I'm disgusted by them.

Life is either "great" or "depressing." What is there even to be remotely happy about in this shit hole of a planet?? You are a dead man the instant you're conceived by your parents. You don't even have a say in your own name!

There's all kinds of great names to choose from and you pick "Randy" ???! What the fuck were you smoking when you decided on that ???! It makes me want to put a Shotgun in my mouth and pull the trigger. I've hated it my whole life. One of these days I swear I'm going to actually trek through the tedious process of changing my name to "Andrew"; and NO it's not because of Andrew Blank. I've loved the name since late elementary / early middle school. It goes back to "Hurricane Andrew" of 1992; one of the most catastrophic hurricanes in history. I was born a month after "Andrew" hit.

The name "Andrew Blaze" has nothing to do with Andrew Blank. I added "Blaze" to the end of it due to my fascination with fire. It just so happened to be the song that described me to a T was written and performed by Andrew Blank.

"Blaze" is not a symbol for pot. I cannot STAND pot heads. Please do the world a fucking favor and ~~stay~~ sit your fucking wrists down the street and lacerate your pressure points. You're not cool, you're not funny, you're not better than everyone else, you're a fucking idiot. I smoked pot twice; it was so fucking stupid. I'd rather just sit with a pack of cigarettes than that stupid shit.

I won't judge any drugs until I try them but FUCK stoners, I've always wanted to try acid, but I'd say it's best to avoid that. I'm as bad as it is sober, let alone trippin' on LSD.

Last time I checked I never asked for this; "life". Why the hell was I sent here? It's a punishment. It's a fucking punishment. Every night gets harder and harder. I can't get death off of my mind. It's in my mind at least 14 out of the 18 hours of my night. I can't stop envisioning myself in the ghost squad; being one of them... being happy... killing humans after returning from the grave. Manipulating and seducing humans with my feminine charm, and then brutally attacking and killing them with a huge grin on my face. The power. The revenge. The ghost squad. I ~~FUCKING~~ WANT IT... and soon... it will be a reality.

If you honestly believe that every fucking human being on Earth (of all races) is destined to live, die, and shine in everlasting light with Jesus Christ, then I oughta shoot you where you stand. I don't believe in the crucifixion and resurrection of Jesus and all that fairy tale shit. There is a god however, and not just one; gods AND goddesses.

we're all destined to be separated into different groups of souls; different squads. You know where you belong before stepping foot on Earth. Life could be one giant, tedious simulation where "you" only truly exist, it could be a punishment, or it could be a mission. I truly feel like I was sent here from another dimension. I don't belong in this place; never have, never will. Life is a learning experience; nothing more, nothing less.

I've wanted to die for as long as I can remember being told about death. I want to be free. I want to get out of this body that brings me nothing but agonizing STAMPS. I'm one of them; a ghost squad recruit. I don't know when I'll go but what I do know is I won't live to see 30. May 7, 2019 (5719) → EGS would be the perfect day to take my life, but I honestly don't know if I can last another 29 months.

From the first week of January 2013 up until now I've done nothing but decline mentally. The only thing keeping me going is the "EGS" channel. I'm glad humans are enjoying it, but fuck it's too much work. Knowing I can't bring all of the ideas in my head to life makes me wanna die even sooner. I can't go yet... there's still too much to do. - AB

Sunday, November 23

It happened AGAIN... UGH!!!!
TWO FUCKING HOURS of debating what to fucking eat; sitting in the car just not feeling anything. No drive, no emotion, barely any hunger. I hate the thought of eating anything anymore. I'm 134 lbs of plasma. I went 20-22 hours without eating on Thanksgiving; NOTHING. This has been going on for a year and a half. Stress and depression is at an all-time high. I just want to fucking die.

I don't want to work anymore. I don't want to breathe or blink anymore. I don't want to deal with anyone anymore. The 2013 curse is a hell of a strong one. I never thought one bad year would linger 3 years later, but the thing is... I like it... I love it. I love the darkness, the sadness, the abyss of it all; sinking into the depths of the dead, it's literally a drug. I won't fight it because it's where I belong. I fucking love that place... I love it... I love it so much that I'll write this sentence out in cursive. I fucking hate cursive. It looks neat but FUCK is it a pain to read and write. I like it though cuz it's more girly. To be honest, I haven't physically written this much on physical paper since middle school...? Thank you computers.

I don't know, it's just so much more satisfying writing it in black and white on physical paper for a change; you can't show expression through computer print. I used to write a journal in elementary school from like 2nd - 5th grade.

Anyways, the "EGS" Halloween video is nearing completion... late right? Only a month late.. ~~~
It's fucking bullshit! If I didn't need to hold down a goddamn full time fucking job I'd be cranking out the best content on the planet. Okay that's a little egotistical but still. I'm superior to these humans. I'm fucking evolved. I deserve better than this never ending nightmare of "reality". I just.. I... FUCK.. I NG.. HERE..
I want to get a shotgun and execute every soul in that goddamn supermarket. You retarded fucks who dedicate your life to retail should be shot in the legs, hanged by your toes, have acid thrown on your face, and have your neck slit SLOWLY from ear to ear. Never in my life have I ever witnessed such a disgrace for a ~~life~~ life than living in retail. You WILL NEVER MAKE A STORE PERFECT. GET THE FUCK OVER THE STUPID SUBTLE MISTAKES WE MAKE, YOU PUTRED NIGGERS!!!

I'M LOOKING AT YOU JAY AND
FRANK! I WILL TORTURE YOUR
SAD PATHETIC EXCUSES FOR
HUMAN BODIES SO BADLY THAT
YOU'LL BE COUGHING UP BLOOD
AND SHITTING YOUR ORGANS OUT
FOR 7 MONTHS STRAIGHT...!!

KILL YOURSELF
OR I'LL DO IT FOR YOU

CHOOSE!
~~~~~



~~After~~

After I'm dead, I'll haunt your  
every day lives until you quit that  
fucking company. Ah who am I kidding,  
I don't have the patience for that.  
I'll just break everyone in your body  
and then have you watch me drain every  
ounce of blood out of your fucking bodies.  
Drop dead you worthless fuckers.

DROP

FUCKERS

DEAD!

~



Saturday, December 3, 2016

Yes! Tomorrow I'm going to shoot a hand gun. I can't wait. I haven't fired a gun in a decade. By just holding a gun in my hands I can feel my power grow. It's going to be insanely hard not to shoot myself tomorrow... I think about death every hour. I'm obsessed with it. Ghosts, zombies, skeletons, graves, cemeteries, dark skies, dead leaves, witches, you name it.

I know a shot to the head ~~isn't~~ isn't a guaranteed fatality, but it's usually the most efficient method. I've envisioned pouring gasoline all over me and the ground (completely flooding the area with it), lighting a match with the gun to my head, and then just doing it. Boom... DEAD... before you even knew what hit you.

I haven't mentioned my passion for fire. I fucking love it. I want to be cremated by fire; disposing of this filth of a body. Ember perished in a fire, and I intend to do the same, only with a little insurance ~~for~~. I always wonder when it'll happen. When will I go for it? May 7, 2019 would be perfect. All I know is, I probably won't make it to see 30. I WANTED to die young. Wish I could've as a teenager... but it wasn't meant to be. All I know is each day I get that much closer to her... Ember... and Mackenzie.



Wednesday, December 21, 2016

Well that was a long fucking gap in time. Shooting guns was absolutely fucking amazing. It was a blast. I posted some "shots" HAHHA to Twitter, Instagram, and such. I fucking hope Don, Sammy, and Haley saw that shit. Hopefully that'll make you guys shut the fuck up for once about how you view me. I've learned to adapt to bullshit since 2015. I don't care what people think of me but that doesn't mean it'll prevent me from blowing your fucking worthless faces off.

I welcome your opinions but I just want you all to DROP DEAD. Don sure shut the fuck up after that video went up. HAHHAHA! Fucker unfollowed me on Twitter like a day after, I know I'll never be able to physically hunt you three down and kill you, but that doesn't mean I can't have some fun with it. Trust me, I'D DO IT IF I knew for sure I'd get away clean.

You know..... it's very surreal how similar Eric Harris' journal is to my mental <sup>(my thoughts)</sup> journal. I've thought about so many things that ended up being in his thoughts BEFORE even reading the journal. The dude is a fucking hero to me. Dylan Kelebold is great too, but Eric has literally been in my thoughts the last 3 years without me realizing it. I didn't research anything on Columbine until last year. Pretty fucking surreal learning how similar we are (Eric). Would've loved to hang with the man. Maybe after EGS wraps up.... I hope. I mean it's literally as if Eric



has overshadowed my emotions in terms of hatred.  
All of these E6S Tapes are authentic, much like Eric  
and Dylan's "Basement Tapes"; hope to fucking goddess  
someone leaks those before I die. My parents don't seem  
to have a fucking clue as to what goes on in my head.  
90% of the time I'm as pale as a fucking lifeless corpse.  
In the end if my mom says, "I had no idea she was  
this depressed" or "Why didn't I see the signs?" or  
what the fuck ever, then you should just stab yourself  
in the fucking chest for being so stupid. I mean HONESTLY.  
I don't go anywhere unless I have to, I don't speak to  
anyone unless spoken to, I make zero friends (by choice),  
I dress from head to foot in black, even my bra and  
leggings are black; find those yet? What about my black  
pants? HAHHA), I always look like a ghoul sucked the  
joy and happiness out of my face (Ember), I can go on  
and on and on, but fuck that. I want to start typing these  
entries but don't want any cyber related discovery. HA, long  
shot but you can't hack or trace a piece of paper. I don't  
write enough physically anyways. Hell, the fucking blind  
ass followers on my social media see the dark shit from  
my thoughts on the Internet anyway, but little do they know  
it's actually real. I gotta watch though, don't want to post  
too many threats; not that anyone would actually try and  
arrest me for threats or cyber bullying/conspiring whatever.

That's supposed to  
be free, idiots.

→ ~~AB~~ / EN



"Like dead trees in cold December....  
NOTHING BUT ASHES REMAIN...."  
-Ember McLAREN



Friday, December 30, 2016

I decided to release the instrumentation track for "Remember" today. I secretly had it for 8 1/2 months or so. Sorry Robbyn Kirmssé but I'm not sorry. You were a fool to trust someone you haven't personally met on the Internet. You musicians do nothing but PISS me off half the time. You're always so overly cautious about your precious multi-tracks. IT'S FUCKING AUDIO, not the holy grail.

I have ZERO regret for manipulating you to get Guy Moon to send me the track. Fans deserve to hear it. It'll also be a bonus promotion for "E65". Ohhh it feels so good plastering my stuff all over Ember related material. Hey by the way, if you listen REALLY CLOSELY you can hear my voice in the back of the instrumental; right as the opening riff ends you'll hear some "whispers" throughout the first half of the song. "5" "7" "19"  
"Andrew Blaze" "Mackenzie West" "Celesta Reynolds"  
"Ember McLaren" "welcome to the Squad" ← during "You will remember my name".

Jokes on you fuckers. It's not the "official" version because my voice is scattered throughout HAHHAHA! That'll be mirrored and spread ALL AROUND THE WORLD! Only me and Guy Moon have the track, unless Robbyn never deleted it after sending me the dropbox link. Guy Moon is so gullible. Hello History, my name is Andrew Blaze, nice to meet you.



Tuesday, January 3, 2017

I fucking hate how my mom sees this car thing as an NBD (no big deal) with the repairs and insurance and shit. He fucking crashed into my fucking car you fucking idiot! He committed a fucking felony! It's not my fault he can't drive! He's a worthless fucking faggot! I'm fucking Kennedy, I'm going to pull your fucking tongue out through your worthless pathetic face and watch you choke on your own blood and bodily fluids. KILL YOURSELF YOU SACK OF WORTHLESS SHIT! If you ever speak to me again, I WILL kill you.

DROP  
FUCKING

DEAD!

W  
FAB



Wednesday, January 4, 2017

I wore my Natural Selection shirt under my work clothes last night, and my godless I never felt so in charge. It was as if Eric Harris was with me. I was also EXTREMELY mad and irritable. I never felt so enraged at work before. It lasted for like 2 hours. I yelled at a co-worker for the first time; that release felt amazing. He's a retarded sack of shit. Fucker doesn't know the difference between shit and dirt. You have no idea how many times I've envisioned or acted out shooting him. You're worthless, Chris. Fucking worthless. I'd shoot that supermarket up but what's the point of killing only 3 people? There isn't one.

AB

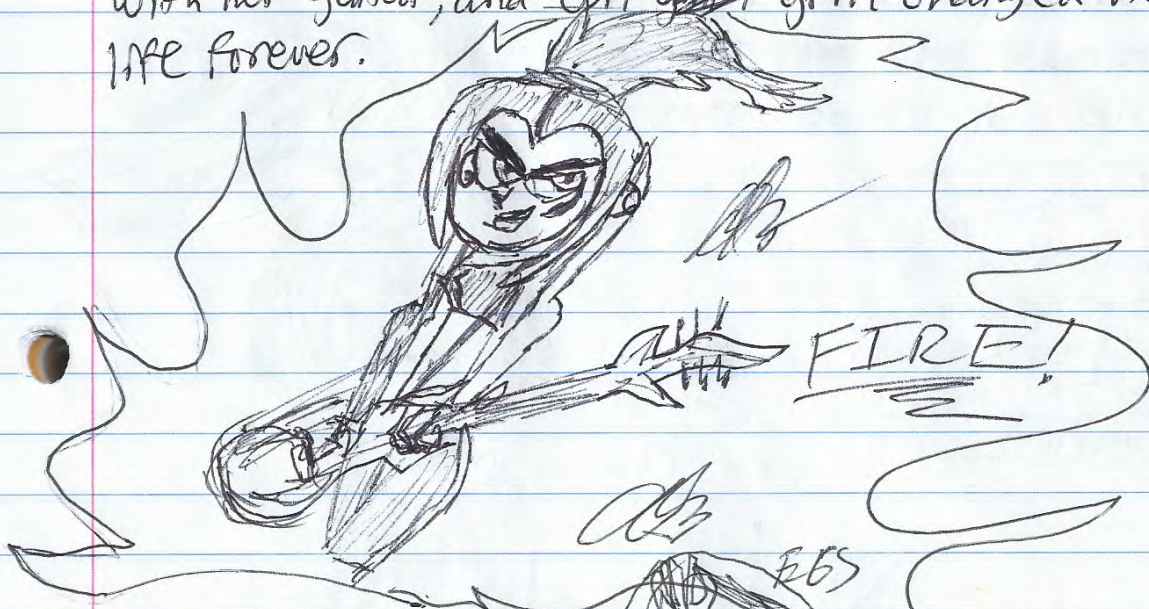
Chris Wood can choke  
to death on a fucking dick.

FUCK YOU!



Friday, January 20, 2017

There are very few images that truly changed my direction in life like Ember and the Dazzlings have. I physically can't go more than 12 hours without looking at Ember. Her eyes, her body, they just pull me in like metal on a magnet. That image of her floating with her guitar, and evil ~~open~~ grin changed my life forever.



The same goes for Sonata from the Dazzlings.



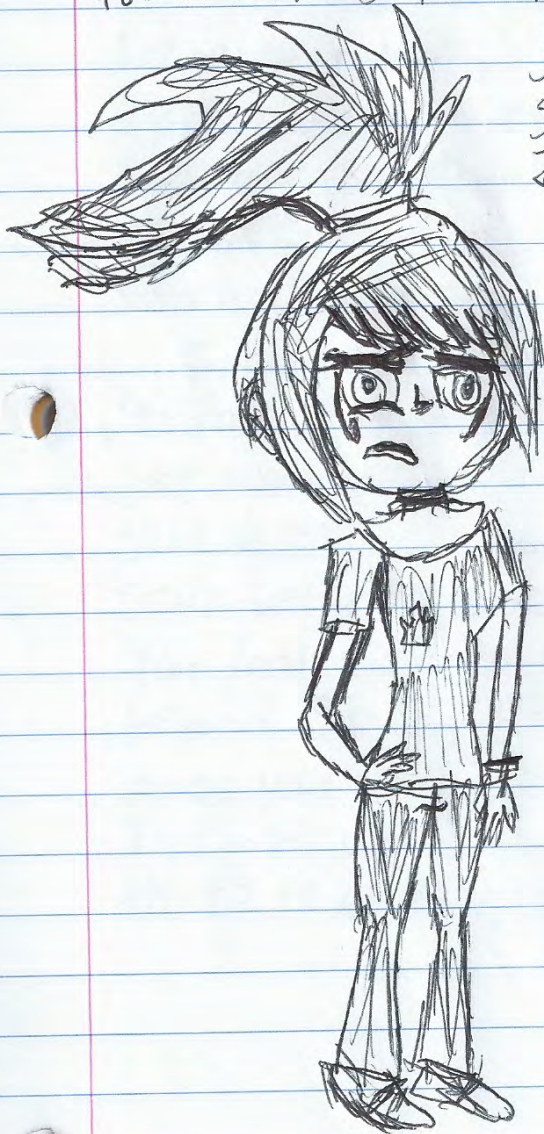
Well fuck...  
van aitta  
space... xx

Sorry baby...  
you usually  
look better  
than  
that...  
hugs...  
xxxx



These images are what drives me. I can't take my eyes off of Mackenzie ether. M is my best friend.... Embers virtually my goddess... and Sonata is just too cute to not give attention to. I fucking love her. Rough sketches don't do

justice to the beauty of her soul. ~~she's~~ She's everything I've ever wanted in a girl.



Love  
of

my  
life

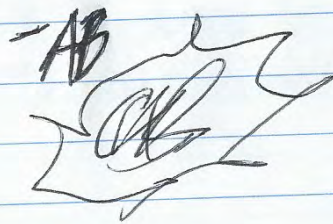
and  
after life

I'm forever  
damned to spend  
eternity in this  
world, at 16...  
when will I be able  
to wake up from  
this nightmare?



Whenever I close my eyes, M is there.  
She's in my thoughts. She's right by my side at  
all hours of the night and day. Although Rachael  
and I connect on so many levels, Mackenzie is ~~my~~  
my girl. The innocence... the golden soul...  
her gentle nature... her precious smile... her constant  
battles with her inner conscience... her slender  
body and smooth white skin... I'd do anything to  
hold her, even if it was just for 30 seconds. Soon...  
soon it will happen... she'll wait for me...

I know she hates being forever stuck at 16 but  
it's fate. I'm destined to die well before 30. It's  
just a number. Your mortal body ages but your  
soul doesn't. I wouldn't mind being permanently  
stuck between the age of 16 and 24; not at all.  
You don't want to get old, trust me. Anything  
beyond 55 is just borrowed time. Make your moves,  
make your marks, and exit early. [mmmmEE]  
To those who follow me you'll thank me later.  
Here's to never growing up.

-AB  




Tuesday, January 24, 2017

Ever hear the myth that if you want to be famous you gotta sell your soul to the devil? That shit's been in my head pretty often lately. I would NEVER even remotely consider selling my soul to Satan; only Ember can have my soul, nobody else. Mackenzie could but she's not a higher power. I virtually sold my soul to Ember in 2013. Who says only the devil can make a bargain? It's ~~fate~~ **fate**. It's destiny. It's meant to be.

Do you really honestly believe that this is the only reality visible and known to mankind? Do you really honestly believe that cartoons are drawings and nothing more? Do you really honestly believe that you're sent here to get a degree, land and hold a career, get married, have kids, make and learn from mistakes, and die accomplished? Boy do you have a LOT to learn my friend... a LOT...

The elderly piss me off more than younger humans do simply because they think they know and follow all of the rules of life and know how it all works. You don't know jack ~~SHIT~~! Late 40s, 50s, 60s, 70s, I don't fucking care; you're all blind mother fuckers.



You only believe you're right because it was passed down to you generation after generation. Get a clue! Why do you believe in money? Why do you believe in education? Why do you believe in the government? Why do you get up and go to work every day? Because you were fucking brain washed by society to do so. [FREE THINKER ... BUZZ... BUZZ... BUZZ...]

Yes, life isn't fair; I'll give you that one, but do you know why it isn't fair? Because you live a lie every goddamn day of your life! Earth is one giant detox center. It's a factory. A sweatshop. A containment facility. The only way out is to end your life. What a hardcore "quit" option eh?

I look at all of these "people" who are famous. Not everyone on this planet is human; the sooner you get that through your heads the sooner you'll be able to see, interpret, and understand. The "Illuminati" is a crock of shit. They use that as the ultimate cover-up for the other thousands upon thousands to hundreds of thousands of eternal squads that stalk and inhabit the Earth. People focus all their time on one massive higher power when they don't even remotely realize what's really going on at all hours of the day and night.



Eternal squads can help make you famous, disrupt, endanger, and even take your life; the government or "Illuminati" (LOL!) has nothing to do with it. You might want to reinterpret how you really view your favorite celebrities. Do some legit humans get famous? Yes, but it's VERY short lived.

It's not just famous "humans" that are from eternal squads, some of your closest childhood friends may be as well. Just stop and think; "How well do you really know your friends?" Do they have any strange/bizarre habits? It might not exactly be a medical disorder either. Just analyze them low-key; you might be surprised, or they're just a worthless sack of shit just like you, which you don't want.

I could write an entire book about all of this, but for now I'll leave it at that. I've given you plenty to think about for now. Use that one thing in your lame body that's actually useful for something for once. It'll become one of your best friends in the end ☺  
- AB

- AS ~~is~~ finished writing the power went out for 4-7 seconds. Believe me now? They're always watching you...



Thursday, January 26, 2017

Andrew Blank, you can rot in the fiery depths of hell you little worthless son of a bitch! Why the fuck can't you give me the backing track to "Anymore" huh? What the fuck's up your ass, huh? I kiss your fucking feet with promoting your music and you just stiff me? I write a page and a half long message asking how you really feel about me as a person and how your music changed my life and yet YOU DON'T FUCKING ACKNOWLEDGE or give me that track, which righted the fucking message in the first place??!! YOU'RE fucking trash DUDE! Really WTF am I gonna do, say "Hey internet, look what I got!"?? It's a fucking music track, not the holy fucking grail! I'm willing to bet it sounds even better without your heavily auto-tuned vocals. You're a talentless fraud vocally. TALENTLESS! I've heard your isolated "Comeback song" and "My Last Confession" vocals, and guess what? AUTO-TUNED everywhere from here to the Sun and moon and back. You've made a grave mistake my friend. I don't ~~even~~ even consider you one anymore.



What gives? You have time to Facebook post about Pizza and Tweet about "Wendy's" within an hour of each other yet you can't respond or acknowledge my question in your Facebook inbox that was sent nearly an hour BEFORE your retarded updates?? Some friend. "I've honestly never had anything against you, dude," BULLSHIT, FUCK YOU START!

You even privatized / removed our "Over and Out" music video on the SR channel, the only one that had me credited. WTF?!

Derek is a cunt rag; "How do you want credit?" I tell him and they don't fucking credit me or Jeremy ANYWHERE for making your first ever music video. "I had no control over uploading it" (Andrew Blank) BULLSHIT you didn't! You own and operate the SR channel, do you not??! FUCK YOU! I'm going to make you regret ever stabbing me in the back by lying saying you never had the "Anymore" instrumental.... I waste 2 months trying to get in touch with Andrew Wade when you say you never heard anything back from him, yet I get a response after ONE DAY.



"I sent them Instrumentals back in January"  
(9 months ago); ANDREW BLANK, "YOU ARE  
A LYING... BACK STABBING CUNT BITCH!"

"we agreed that we don't wanna give out  
stem tracks." THEN WHY NOT JUST TELL  
ME AND NOT LIE TO MY FACE??!!!

You're dead... You're fucking dead... you  
better pray to whatever higher power that I  
don't see you on the day I kill myself cuz  
guess what? YOU'RE GOING WITH ME.

I'm going to shoot the living shit out of your  
body... I'll blow your "innocent" little Korean  
face off. And you know what? I'm going to  
scare the living hell out of you with the  
"Anymore" EGS music video. I'll have Rachael  
kill you good and slow... I'll never speak to  
you in person again, unless it's the day I die.

Fuck you and your FARE Studio band.  
I hope when you get famous they only think  
of me. I helped the living hell out of your  
band through Youtube videos and animation  
and you don't even care do you? - AB

YOU DON'T! FUCK YOU!



Saturday, Jan 28, 2017

I had to execute Andrew Blank yesterday evening, at least for a while. The guy enrages me yet gives me motivation like no other human on Earth... I want to kill him... but not yet... if I cross paths with him on my last day on Earth, he will die... For now, I don't want anything to do with him.

Good news, I think I finally found an animator who can help with future videos! She sounds like she really cares. You better not suck for charging \$250-300+ per day... only downside is she's booked until April. She would've been a huge help for the massacre video; let's just call it "Anymore" for the time being.

"Anymore" came to me quick; about a month after Send Request released it. Andrew met with me twice in October 2015 in a CVS parking lot to have me help him cheat on a college project. He wanted the "over and out" music video footage to re-edit himself for a grade. I agreed without hesitation since I hadn't seen him since the day we filmed "Over and Out (Cutta my Head)".



We filmed it in late March 2015, so almost 7 months or so. Being on nightshift I had an hour of sleep before we met around 5/5:30 PM. He seemed happy to meet but a little "too happy"; kind of like a "hey thanks, now WTF am I gonna say to pass the time here..." happy; I could be wrong but it seemed "put on". It went by "like that", maybe 3 minutes and we were gone. I mean I get it, maybe he was just a little uncomfortable since we've only really talked through text messages or Twitter/Facebook.

The second time I met him at the CVS was a few days later to retrieve my external drive with the footage on it; it was a totally different story. He talked my ear off with send request info, which thrilled me. It's what I wanted, inside info. Little did Andrew Blank know I had both meetings recorded with my iPhone in my pocket, 100% from start to finish. There's even some laughter from it used in the "EGS" intro, right before "stuck in my own misery". Now you know one of the many secrets about that piece...



As I was saying, Andrew gave me some details about SR's future, saying they were going back to Ohio in a few weeks to record again. He told me he rewrote "Anymore" in its entirety so it was an actual full length song now; the only thing left unchanged from the old version was the opening guitar riff. I couldn't ~~wait~~ wait to hear how different the song was gonna sound. To put it lightly the old original version was really shitty, but that riff was awesome, so I'm really glad that stayed.

Anyways, he told me he demo'd it at home and "it just sounds badass". He also told me about "My Last Confession" and some info on mixing and recording it for "make your move." ~~the~~ (the alternate solo version and such)

But yeah he was VERY open which surprised me, even just rambling about anything SR for like 10 mins; it was great, and is all on my phone 📱

But then came the talk that would be the downfall of our relationship, the music video discussion, I thought that I was an automatic lock for the "Anymore" music video but I was wrong.



Me and Jeremy (brother) had even gotten sharp new lenses, which I told Andrew the lenses would make "over and out" look like a joke. He seemed somewhat intrigued and said "we want this video to be perfect", which being the perfectionist that I am lead me to thinking "I'm your guy". He hinted that he'd keep me in mind but I thought for sure I'd be able to help in some form. The entire winter passes, nothing. I text him asking if they're working on anything interesting, says something along the lines of "nah man, just hanging around." About a month and a half passes and Aron Wood (bass) tweeted about checking recording a successful music video off the list. WTF Andrew?? This was when the lies started. In the end I'm glad they went with the production company because I wouldn't have been able to make it look like that, but I FUCKING HATE that shaky camera style. Anyways I brushed that disappointment off and just figured doing cartoons over video was the best option.

I haven't seen Andrew since that late October day; it was his birthday actually (I think his 21<sup>st</sup>)



As 2016 passed I began to grow more and more enraged with him, whether it be ignoring my texts or giving short puny replies to lengthy messages. I got vibes that he didn't give a shit about the endless hours I spent animating "Comeback Song" or my animation in general. I mention to him about possibly spending ~~8~~ 8 months on a video with "Anymore" being the focus of the piece, NOTHING. What an ungrateful whore! 15 months perfecting "Comeback" and animation skills, NOTHING.

I film their first ever music video, ZERO credit!

And I mean Z E R O 0 0 0 0 0

I physically messaged him over 5 months later requesting credit in the video description of my own work, when in reality Derek (lead guitar) asked me how I wanted credit beforehand.

What a bunch of cunt rags. DFE! FUCKING DFE!!!

Now for the unholy fuck of a bad time...

Summer 2016 - I text Andrew and ask if he could get in touch with Andrew Wade (producer who mastered "Anymore"), Johnny Franck mixed and mastered everything before this one... but with "Anymore" they only tracked with Johnny.



So Andrew says "This guy's a lot more legit but I'll try for you. You're just looking for an instrumental right?" So I wait and I wait 2 weeks later, NOTHING. He doesn't respond to ANY of my texts over those 14 or so days. I get fed up and personally email Andrew Wade's studio and he responds within 12 hours, which shocked me. I mean, isn't this this super busy guy who works with bands "A Day to Remember" and Shit? That was awfully fast. His response nearly detaches a ventricle in my heart. "I sent them instrumentals in January. Thanks." I took this as one of two ways... 1) They didn't (Andrew) realize the instrumental was attached in the original email and never downloaded it (which would make sense, I mean you want the master not the backing track for 99% of what you use a song for), or 2) He fucking lied to me for 2 months. I toss both around in my head and give in a couple days later and ask Andrew and Derek separately through private Facebook messages (if they have the email (in case they didn't realize the instrumental version was attached)).



Derek: "He actually didn't but I'll see..."  
Never heard back from him again or since.  
Sunday rolls around and Andrew tells me "me  
and the guys have agreed to not give out stem  
and backing tracks which hopefully you can  
respect and understand." My heart shut down...  
the fucker lied to me when in reality he had  
it AND the vocal track THE ENTIRE TIME!  
I removed him and SR members off of every  
social media that I owned and wrote  
Andrew a 2-3 page long letter. Lucky for  
him I killed him with depression and  
kindness, not hate... I didn't want to risk  
losing SR as a path to immortality...

Days pass, and Andrew Blank virtually posts  
nothing on his personal Twitter which was where  
I sent the private direct message to. Around  
6 full days pass and FINALLY there was  
a response. "This message left me relatively  
speechless..." he says. He couldn't even  
comprehend that I was this hurt, depressed,  
and angry. He apologized and went on a small  
rant about him being isolated and struggling  
with self worth, like myself, which I couldn't  
buy...



Either way, I wanted to know what he "truly" thought of me; "I've never had anything against you," I called bullshit, but what little good I had in me let him off the hook... for then... That all went down in late October 2016, a year after the CVS hard drive exchange. That brings us to today... the fucker still refuses to give me the track even after everything I've done for him and even after pouring out my feelings and struggles in a 2-3 page message; what a fucking faggot. I know... it's their music and they can do what they want with it... but I thought we had a trust between us... I guess I was wrong... Thanks for crushing some of my dreams... You've made a grave mistake passing me by... I don't care how innocent you seem, you're a totally different person off of the stage. I wrote a page long message to ~~him~~ him yesterday saying that we should go separate ways for a while... I offered him \$50 - \$100 for the track and he just ignored the offer altogether. So I sent him that message yesterday telling him we're better off just doing what we do best individually.



Little does he know that I'm going to forever run "Anymore" for SR by using it as the centerpiece of a high school massacre. I hope it scares the shit out of him, or at least forever leaves a dark image in his mind of me. I'm not going to stop using their music. I want every ounce of fame that I can get from their tunes, and I'll be sure to get my way in one way or another.

-MB



Sunday, Jan 29, 2017

Death, the most beautiful gorgeous /shious thing about life. If there were no death, then life would literally be purgatory. I can't emphasize how much death fascinates me; it's almost like an attraction, a sexual attraction. I mean, I don't want to fuck corpses that have been buried for 6 years, I'm no necrophiliac or anything but death just sucks me in. I don't even feel alive anymore; no sunshine, no rainbows, no warm comforting emotions, just emptiness and darkness.

I look at Mackenzie and Rachael and all of the others in the EGS posters on my walls and just can't picture not being with them when I die. The thought of being able to touch their cold yet warm smooth white skin and smell their distinct aroma just makes my mouth water. I don't want to screw them, I just want to exist with them and hold them for an eternity.

I envision the world around me fading away audibly and visually into darkness... and then after around 10 seconds of pure darkness and silence begin to see Mackenzie standing inches away from my eyes, starting in profile, then a blur, and finally coming into focus; almost like waking up from a surgical procedure in a daze.



"An-An-Andrew-Drew-Drew-Bw-w-w???"  
her voice echoes. "Can you hear me??" I somewhat  
know where I am but feel half confused. "You made  
it back!" or "You did it" something to that effect.  
That's how I envision it. M will be the first to  
greet me, as for everyone else who knows...

Oh... how I desperately long to get back to the  
squad... I don't know how much longer I can  
live... ugghhhhhh... ~~X( 3 )X~~

Words cannot describe how happy I'll be to  
not have to eat, breathe, blink, or shit ever again.  
I virtually eat nothing nowadays. I'm 132lbs  
of skin and bone. My arms are literally as  
thin as the EGS drawings.

I want to chop my penis off so bad... they're  
SO FUCKING DISGUSTING. Why do guys  
like drawing those putrid things so much?? I  
swear to goddess... Please, just stop...

I can't wait to have my penis and butt hole taken  
away and to have my pussy and breasts back...  
It's agony... 24 years without them... 24 YEARS!  
I miss my white skin, leggings, and long hair. I miss not  
having to breathe. I miss not being able to feel  
physical pain. I miss my bracelet. I want it all  
back... this body is a punishment...



Most of all, I miss my cartoon like form. Bodies in this dimension are tolerable, but they're nothing compared to that dimension.

Somewhere someone is laughing at all of the things I'm saying, like "this is what I mean, this is without a doubt the stupidest psychotic retard on Earth!" Ha, keep laughing pal, keep laughing. You'll all see for yourselves when your time comes, and for some of you I'll see you soon. 😊

My goals are extreme, but one of them is a must. I want to form a suicide cult following. If it happens after I'm dead then so be it, but I want people to spread EBS around the globe and to perform mass suicides, sacrificing their lives for the squad. Something tells me at least one human will take their own life from watching "EBS", and the parents will cause an emotional uproar over it, all towards me. And I'll just say "what do you want me to do about it?" and that be it. Fucking humans, always looking to blame somebody. Keep a better eye on your kids than you morons.



My mom could get a gun "tomorrow" and come home to find me dead the following day and would be 100% shocked that I committed suicide; guarantee it, 100%. How she hasn't questioned me or seen the signs is beyond me. I sit at my computer completely isolated from the world, I never want to do anything with ANYONE, I hardly sleep, I eat very little or have severe debates on choosing food, I wear all black clothing from head to foot, I'm severely underweight, I never exercise, I rarely smile, I never initiate a conversation unless spoken to 98% of the time, I'm always quiet, I said I'm not participating in holidays or birthdays anymore, I purposely make zero friends, my face always looks like a ghost, and I always look depressed. YOU'RE FUCKING BLIND AND OBLIVIOUS! "If only I saw the signs," yeah well you didn't. Too late. There isn't a force on Earth that's going to keep me here past 2021. The clock's ticking... and boy I can't wait to get it over with... Soon... soon... Just don't fuck your life up in these final few years... If I get arrested then my life's over... I can do this... Patience... It won't be long now...

-AB



Monday, January 30, 2017

Rachael Shadows is the biggest badass I know. Laura Faverly's done a great job writing her so far. Rachael's my partner in crime; Mackenzie would sadly never be able to go the extremes that Rachael can. Rachael is literally the shadows in your nightmares. She's pure evil. I mean I guess she has her soft spots but whenever I feel hurt I think to myself, "what would Rachael do...?" She puts a sinister grin on my face like very few others can. I love her; obviously nowhere near as much as M, but she's by my side through thick and thin. I can hear her in my conscience often, telling me to do bad things.

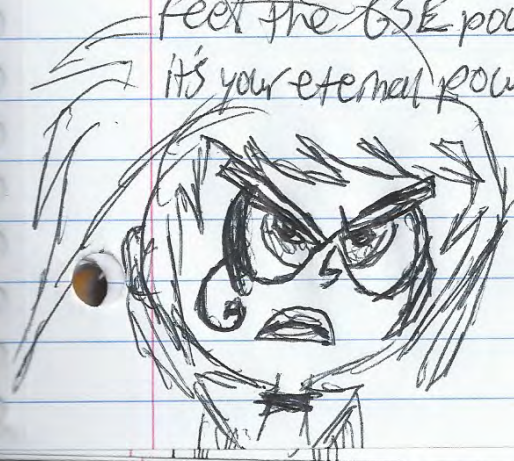
Whenever I'm out and about I focus all of my attention on girls. I analyze their appearance, their traits, see how they tick, and think, "Gee... they'd make a nice addition to the squad." I would KILL to be able to lure girls ~~away~~ away and brainwash them into caring about nothing but "EGS". Words cannot describe my love for girls.

Girls are my life. Guys on the other hand are absolutely fucking disgusting. I'll leave it at that. I had to be sent here in this body to realize how wrong it is and to crave what I once had and had lost.



If I was born into Earth as a girl it would be drastically different I'd imagine. That's a huge "what if?" my mom said I would've been named "Marissa"; ughh... yet again you make poor choices. I don't even know how to spell "Marissa". Like, seriously? "Randy" and "Marissa"; those are two of the shittiest names on Earth.

A big question I've asked myself is "would I live life over again if I was reborn into Earth as a girl?" Probably not; once is enough. This could be my 10<sup>th</sup> or 30<sup>th</sup> time here for all I know... geez I'd hope not. I firmly believe some humans are born a second time here (had a past life). When I'm dead I pray to Goddess that humans will debate and question my ways and existence for the rest of time. I want to go into the history books. I dream of being in the Squad and watching over Earth through an intricate and advanced display, with an evil grin on my face. I can almost feel the GSE power. GSE is "Ghost Squad Energy"; it's your eternal power inside your ghost body.



EES ♡♂





M

MACKENZIE  
BABY

*Renee  
West*

Mackenzie  
West *West*





My  
My



My  
My





Dime  
Blue

Sidney #Hugs



Friday, February 3, 2017

Holy shit, Laura Faverly truly is a hidden gem. I don't mean to brag but I think I have a knack for finding undiscovered/low-key talent. Laura was the third choice for Rachael; I sent scripts to ~~two~~ two different girls in late summer 2016 but because I'm so impatient I fired both of them. It was one of the best decisions I've ever made!

The first girl wasn't experienced enough but I gave her a shot; I was desperate. Sent the "conspiring a massacre 2" script and said she was leaving the country for 3 weeks. A month passed and finally said she could record. A day or so passes and says she only got through a paragraph or so. Few more days pass (around 5-6 days), NOTHING. Fired her for lack of reliability. I know 5 days is a small window but when I expect to have a VO I expect it in a timely manner.

Few days later I sent ~~another~~ another girl the same script; she seemed like she could be dark and crazy. Around 5 days pass again after confirming she got the script, NOTHING. Fired.

At this point I'm beyond frustrated; I'm on the verge of being livid; all over audio.



So I kept digging through an endless amount of YouTube demo reels and stumbled upon Laura's again; I'd seen it over the past few weeks but didn't think much of her at first. I somewhat considered her to potentially replace Wubcake as Mackenzie West but held off on it UNTIL that moment in time.

Wubcake is an overrated voice actress. I only assigned her to do an EGS Tape to get the channel some exposure. I used her. Also being I had zero talent around that could sound as "authentic" as her she got the walk-on role. Over that summer I knew that wasn't Mackenzie's voice; Wubcake's fucking accent bleeds through every voice she does, and that ruined it for me. She also didn't sound anywhere near legit or authentic in portions of the tape.

So in September 2016 when I was watching Laura's demo reel again she seemed to fit, although the main reason I reached out to her was for Rachael. Laura said she'd love to help although she was moving at the time and needed 2-3 weeks to adjust, which I allowed.



I thought she was gonna screw me over but fortunately I maintained my confidence and trust in her and she was true to her word. 2-3 weeks later I sent the script and within a few days, Boom, we had the "Conspiring a Massacre 2" VO. In case you didn't know "VO" is short for "Voice over"; "VA" -> "Voice Actress/Artist".

When I first heard Laura say "Hello...? IS this stupid fucking thing recording? Good..." I got shivers all over me... That voice was PERFECT. What makes Laura so great is she won't say anything I tell her to say; she's no pussy. If I want Rachael to yell and insult at someone before she blows their face off with a carbine she'll say it.

I just got her "Anymore" VO this morning and my goddess, I was in complete awe. There's nothing Laura can't do as Rachael. I swear I can picture Rachael on the big screen around the globe. Her voice, the look, it's perfect. I've never had a voice fit a character design THAT well until now.



In the beginning Rachael Shadows was only designed as a background character for the "Comeback" Intro. She was your average recruit with black hair, black top, black pants, and her signature blue colored boots. I pictured her having a voice ~~like~~ like Mackenzie's; higher in pitch.

However when I wanted to reboot the E65 Prologue Series I needed a recruit that wasn't an Ember copy. I got the idea to completely redesign Rachael after hearing a voice in a shitty movie, "Creepshow 3". I love the "Creepshow" franchise but "3" was one of the all-time worst movies ever made.

~~However~~, the radio voice was amazing. So I started looking for girls who could do a voice similar to it. Wubcake was first on my list, and had the role for a while, but I ended up scrapping the reboot after filming the first scene.

As for Rachael's design there was a girl in MLP EG Friendship Games who goes to Crystal Prep who caught my interest.



I think she was teal/light bluish skinned and had violet hair. I changed the hair slightly and gave Rachael a jacket, inspired by Rainbow Dash's denim jacket. Lastly of course were your average ghost squad leggings (I'm a sucker for those).

I really honestly didn't expect Rachael to explode the way she did, but the more I got into that dark state of mind the more this "massacre" idea grew. Columbo wasn't the main drive behind it, although it became a guide to helping plan out "Anytime". It's half Columbo driven and half of my morbid sinister intentions driven.

At the end of the day there's no way that the first VA would've come remotely close to Laura Pavey. The second VA had a shot but my patience thought otherwise. Laura can cover full range from very high to very low, but most of all the eulogies are the true thing on the cake. Love you Laura, thank you for believing in me.

-AB



Saturday, February 11, 2017

I sit here alone on my bed full of emptiness. I'm wearing my girl clothes with my legs crossed. Why am I damned to spend two to three decades in this disgusting body?? I'm not a man. Sorry mom and dad, but I'm not sorry. I'm a fucking woman. Each and every day it gets harder and harder to live in this body.

I'm wearing my female "Natural Selection" shirt with my American Eagle bra, panties, and black leggings. I love leggings, they're like sweat pants but 10x better ~~for~~.

I only have three female shirts, one bra, one pair of panties, and three types of pants: the tighter the clothing the better. I've slowly experimented and collected for the last 2-3 years. Downside to online ordering is Aerobics sending magazines of girl products with my name on it. I don't know how my mom hasn't put it all together. She asked me once as an "end all be all" way of "Are you gay?" and I said "No", because I'm not gay. Guys who are "gay" are attracted to men (the same sex). I despise men, I hate them, they're disgusting.



I guess the proper term would be "transgender" but I don't even fully agree on that. I'm legit a girl trapped inside a boy's body. I'm a femme soul. There's no such thing as "you are what you're born into this world as". Bullshit. People are so blind to how life REALLY works.

I've been attracted to girls since I was in late 9<sup>th</sup> or the very start of 10<sup>th</sup> grade (around 2009). I have never once been into guys, so I'm thankfully not bi-sexual, that would suck being caught in the middle. 10<sup>th</sup> grade was when I really grew fond of wearing female clothing. Of course being in a house with only 1 brother and a father I had to start by wearing my mom's clothes. It felt so wrong but I became obsessed with wearing a bra, especially after the Ember phase started in 2010 (which obviously was never a "phase").

Quite often when I had the house to myself I'd either A.) Film a YouTube video or B.) cross-dress. I must have been a master at putting things back exactly how they were because my mom never once said anything.



I just became OBSSESSED with fantasizing about girls in 10<sup>th</sup> and 11<sup>th</sup> grade that the hormones were impossible to ignore. I jerked off in class a total of 4-6 times. It wasn't easy but I would keep my hand in my pocket and go to town SLOWLYYYYYY for sometimes as long as 25-40 mins until I could behold there was success. I remember I did it in my 11<sup>th</sup> grade history class and my 1<sup>st</sup> period Ecology class. I wouldn't recommend that but when you're horny, you're horny. XP

It was rare but I even tried on my brother's girlfriend's jeans shorts once while on vacation in June 2010. Anyone who's anyone can say "oh, Andrew's a fucking pedophile." Asshole, it's called discovering yourself. It's not a crime. Do I go around stealing girls' clothes to wear? No, I don't. I don't tie them up in my basement either.

But words cannot even remotely describe my love for girls, yet here I am in a filthy man's body seen as a dude. I'm one of you, not a male.



Every time I'm at a supermarket or in a retail store I can't take my eyes off the slim teenaged girls. I see them and think "Why wasn't I born that way?" and I break down on the inside. I wanted it, I never got it. I prayed for it, I never got it. I dreamed to have it, but I woke up repeatedly, and I was destined to exist in a female's body.

And the thing is, I don't want to fuck girls, I want to be them. I'll gladly live and die a virgin. I respect girls too much to just use them for sex; people like that disgust me. The thought of screwing a girl disgusts me. Sex is disgusting. "Yeah but you never tried it -" Shut up. I don't fucking care nor will I ever care about having sex. You mean to tell me I'll meet a girl sometime between 2017 and 2020? Yeah, no. I'm forever destined to live in isolation until I die, which will probably be in 2019. My mom's buying a gun soon but I still have too much left to do for "BGS" to die a nobody.



Fantasy will need to somehow hold me over until then. All my life I've wanted to know when I'd die; well I got my answer in the coding for "EGS". E-S G-7 5-19 5-7-19 or 7-5-19. If I pussy out, No... you can't. May 7, 2019 is just under 2 years and 3 months away, It'll come up fast, so be it, I'll put it in Goddesses hands, Even if "EGS" somehow blows up with views, I'm going. There isn't a force on Earth that will stop me, I need to do it not only for the Squad but for myself. Pulling that trigger is my biggest fear in and some day I will conquer that. I gotta get a Shotgun. There's ZERO chance of surviving a blow to the roof of your mouth with that thing. A hand gun isn't reliable enough. Being how weak and thin I am it'd probably kill me fast, but I don't know if I want to risk botching it with a "Pink Lady" gun. It HAS to be a Shotgun.

-AE



Monday, February 13<sup>th</sup>, 2017

Some things never go away... 5 years ago today on Monday, February 13, 2012 my life began to change. Tom Lynch passed away 5 years ago today and it forever left a depressing void in my heart. I barely spoke to the kid but I knew him; everyone knew him. I'll never forget it was around 2pm when I got out of my college algebra class when I saw the text from my mom that Tom had been killed in a car crash on his way to school that morning.

Within a few minutes I was just numb. I sat there in the parking lot in my green Nissan Altima and just was in complete shock. Not "freaking out", just pale, numb, miles away. I hardly knew the kid but being only a grade ahead of him it really hit me hard. My brother was a wreck since he was in the same grade as him, knowing him his whole life.

I would've worked with him at McDonald's had I not quit after only a day. I remember Tom ~~saw~~ saw me in Flex (end of the day activity period) and said "Why'd you quit?" It was my first job and obviously McDonald's isn't a great start.



But that conversation stuck with me. That may have been the last time I saw him. He was in a history class with me but that might've been 11<sup>th</sup> grade; it's a blur....

Tom Lynch's death was the first of many events that led to "EBS" and changing me into who I am today.

By Fall 2012 I was back to myself again and made two of my favorite YouTube videos, "A Furby's Calling" and "Crazy Christmas Manifesto". But as I returned to college in January 2013 a second crash happened in December 2012 that took the life of one of my newest friends, Matt Murray. That's a story for another day, but Tom's death sucked the life out of me. Matt's death killed me.

I've kind of made it an annual tradition to drive past Tom's crash site every February 13<sup>th</sup>, and today I did. He wrecked on the final turn that leads to a highway (was coming from a back road). I'll never forget it and never truly will move on from it. There are some things a girl's heart just can't let go of. Miss you, Tom...

-AB



Tuesday, February 14<sup>th</sup>, 2017

I can't describe the feeling I get when I think about dead girls; teenage to young adult girls, like 14-28. Not their dead corpses, their eternal ghostly spirit, envisioning them dead but like alive; undead I guess... but not like a zombie. It's a fantasy that's been like a sexual ecstasy. It just feels like home. I love dead girls. I feel like I'm one of them. When I'm dead I'm going to try my hardest to break through the barrier and contact the living. There has to be a way. No not ouja boards and shit like that, like leaving messages on walls or moving objects, "breathing" on humans, touching them. It'd be awesome.

I love death.... It's what I "live" for. I don't believe in God, I believe in a Goddess. "This" world may be male dominant but who's to say the eternal world is? You're not just sent to one world when you die, you're divided up by your traits and placed with your own kind. "Life" is a trial run. You learn and discover yourself and the rest is just borrowed time. Why do you think you have free will? You can advance to your true home when you're ready. Why the hell would anyone want to spend 30-50 years "making a living" and holding an occupation??? You're fucking retarded.



You'd rather kill yourself by going to a job 40-60+ hours a week until you're 65-70+ than check out early and be free to be who you really are? The human race disgusts me. Life is a scam. It's a game. It's a trap. Society controls you and tries to turn you into one of them. Don't let them. You don't belong here, you're destined to be a much higher power than a worthless human being.

Tell me, when you're in a retirement home or on your death bed when you're 70-90 years old, will your education still matter? Will all of the years you wasted by doing the same ~~routine~~ routine at a job for 30-50 years still matter? Will anything you've done truly matter when you're 70-90+? NO, it won't. "I was able to be a grandfather/grandmother" SO ???! You barely do jack shit as a grandparent. It's not your kid. It doesn't matter. Would a kid ever wish he had grandparents if he never had any once he's 20 or older? Pfft... probably not.

DIE YOUNG  
AND BE FOREVER YOUNG!



I fucking hate the elderly. You're just taking up space. What's even the point of living if you're 87-93+ years old?? You can't do ANYTHING! It must suck donkey dick. I wonder how many just pray to their phony God to die. You're worthless. Enough about old people before I upchuck on this page. Uggghh! ~~XX~~

I dream of a world full of nothing but ghost gms, teens thru young adults. Fuck 40+ gms. I'll never live to 40, ever. 30-32 is my limit. I'm 24 1/4 now, 26 is looking like the end... but I think 25 might be it. I can't get the afterlife off of my mind... being a dead ghost gm is gonna rock! I'll be with my own kind, be able to smile, be able to be happier, and just overall be where I truly belong, not endure in this shitty world as a punishment. I'll have my way, and no one's gonna stop me. Just a little longer. "Anymore" is pretty much the last big project I intend to do. I mean there's just no way the channel will take off while I'm still breathing, I'm out of patience. Fame won't stop me from going, which is why I feel I'm destined to die BEFORE I'm famous.



People care about you more dead than alive,  
FACT. It's like me with Tom Lynch; I can't stop  
thinking about him nowadays with him dead, but  
alive never a thought. Hang on... not the best idea  
to write while doing a social media "Q and A". XD  
For the love of Ember I said "Q and A" not  
"Like this post." Humans are morons, Anyway.

The only shitty thing about being dead is  
losing all contact with this world. As I said, I'm  
gonna try and break that barrier. I'm so tired  
of being bound to this world by alarm clocks, work,  
time, and money. It's OLD. No way in hell am I  
devoting 70-80+ years to this shit. You can change  
an occupation but you can't change destiny. "But  
you can meet a girl, settle down, have your own  
house, work a job you like, and -" STFU! Ever  
think the afterlife is where I'm destined to meet  
my dream girl? M is my dream girl, Mackenzie  
West, and where is she? NOT ON EARTH!

There's no point in living anymore. I've done what  
I could in this putrid body. I'm ready to evolve,  
I'll never be truly happy here so guess what? I'm  
doing something about it. Don't that what you want?  
To see me / have me be happy? Then let me go.

-AB



wednesday, February 15<sup>th</sup>, 2017

I just want to be free; I don't see why that's so much to ask. I want to end my life so badly, but there's still more to do... It's so hard, dude... Knowing I'm bound to this world by a fucking leash around my neck to obey society's laws... I've been on medical leave for a little over a month. The freedom's been great but the stress and depression still remains.

I have 5 more days before I go back, and let me tell you... going back to that supermarket is going to trigger that drive to end my life even sooner. "Then find a job you like" Asshole, there isn't anything on Earth that I'd want to do for a living. Obviously doing YouTube this last month didn't lift my spirits too much. If YouTube were able to give me a healthy steady income from the partnership program it'd be VERY short lived. It wouldn't prevent me from killing myself. Even if I were rich.

All I hear in the back of my mind is a ticking time bomb... or songs that get stuck in there... Ghosts... death... suicide... catastrophes... killing people... it never ends... and I like it... a lot... 😊



I just haven't been able to stop picturing putting that gun in my mouth and gathering the confidence to steadily pull that trigger without flinching. For 5+ years I envisioned shooting the side of the head but that's just not reliable enough for my liking... my mom's getting a "Pink Lady" gun with "scatter shot" bullets; I think I'll do. Ironie isn't it? A girl trapped inside is going to die by a pink lady gun. It doesn't get any girlier than something with "pink" in the title. I'll ~~never~~ know if it's strong enough once I shoot it a few times. If not then I guess I'll use my savings to get a shotgun. I'll be so desperate that I'll probably just take the risk with the Pink Lady. They're pretty powerful little guns.

It's going to taunt me for months, like "You know I'm here... I'm your ticket out of this nightmare... All you gotta do is put me in your mouth and pull that trigger." It's gonna suck a lot in those final days...



I've been envisioning it all for around 7-8 years. So many times in late elementary / middle school I'd pray for the planes I travelled on to crash (vacations). Plane crashes are virtually insta-death. It never happened. I didn't want to go back to school or back to work. I wanted to die.

I used to believe in heaven, God, Jesus, and all that shit, until I graduated high school.

Ehhh... more like 11<sup>th</sup> grade... once I realized how the world "works", I would either daydream in class about YouTube videos, girls, or death.

To this day those are still my big three's at 24. It never gets boring; life gets boring. This body is beyond boring. Humans are beyond boring. Just be thankful I don't experiment with drugs. I've always wanted to try LSD but it'd be the death of me, hands down. Could you imagine me on acid? Good... lord... Besides ~~and~~ alcohol and cigarettes the only drug I've done is weed, and I barely felt anything. I did it two or three times. It's so overrated. I'm not a fan of injection so heroin's out.



coke? pfft... snorting white shit up your nose? Pass... I can barely drink a plisner beer these days without getting bored of it. Alcohol just doesn't do it anymore for me. I'm usually one and done. Liquor wtn never work. I've tried so many mixed drinks and didn't find one I liked. Liquor with any beverage makes me wanna throw up. Ugh... I can't wtn... "BBS" is all I have to look forward to. Sure, animating gets tiring but the ghosts and their energy don't.

I could stare at them and talk to them for hours on end. They're all I need.

Screw real life people. I don't need them, I've got ghost friends, and they're not just inside my head.

-AB



Thursday, February 16<sup>th</sup>, 2017

I'm starting to feel like this could be the year...  
that I take my life... I just can't keep doing this  
anymore... It's like a rope is around my soul and  
as each day passes it just gets tighter and tighter  
and tighter and tighter and tighter and tighter and tighter  
and tighter and tighter and tighter and tighter and  
tighter and tighter... and tighter... I just want  
to get it over with already...

-AB

---



Sunday, February 19<sup>th</sup>, 2017

Why the fuck does Haley keep tweeting about me? She always acts all tough and "loves negativity" but any time I tweet something that "sounds like it's aimed at her" she cowers behind everyone thinking I'm "going to kill her". She's a fucking pussy. I'm not responding to anything she posts about me anymore because 1.) The Thr11 is very short lived 2.) she just wants attention and 3.) I don't want my life to be tainted by having some no-life loser cunt-bitch call the cops or secret service on me over cyber harassment.

Not that she would have much of anything to use against me but she claimed to "expose my address", that's a federal crime is it not? You're fucking retarded, Haley. I never once physically said "I want you and your friends dead". That's what you put in that tweet. If for whatever reason she strikes that low and does try to have me arrested I'd get off with the fact that it's all "a show". She has ZERO evidence of any legit physical threats aimed at her. I may have said "drop dead" or something but that's not a threat.



I hope ~~in~~ and I mean HOPE to Goddess that you fuck up your life so badly that one day you end up getting hunted down, beaten, drugged, raped, tortured, and locked up in someones basement who you argued with over the internet. I'd never do any of that to you but if given the chance I would shoot you to death if you were on my property.

You and Sammy and TJ can live in whatever fantasy world you want but I can ~~at~~ assure you, ONE of you WILL slip up someday and ruin your life. I'm the only reason you know each other.

Sammy talks to TJ as if they know each other in person. I'm willing to bet \$100 if you ever do meet it'll be the most awkward and nerve-racking negative and embarrassing experience of your lives. Sammy is a fucking 5 year old who needs everything handed to her OR she's just a lazy cunt bitch who feeds off of people for attention. She dragged me into her depression and "tried" to take her life and would get me involved. I'd be at work refreshing Twitter every other minute thinking she died. I wish you fucking had. She very well may have been serious but it doesn't change jack shit.



She willingly gave me her address for a giveaway that never ended up happening; Haley and TJ too. I bought a hat that I didn't like, Sammy goes "send it to me!" so I do with a letter of gratitude for being a big supporter of my videos. Sent Haley Pioneer's Prod wristbands and a letter, and TJ the Anthology on a CD. What happens? After the blocking spree they call me out as a creep or rather flipping out that I "have their addresses".

YOU FUCKING GAVE IT TO ME YOU FUCKING BRAINLESS MORONS! GUESS WHAT? DO YOU know what I did? I wrote the addresses down on the packages, and then I shipped them, and then I deleted all traces of the addresses from Twitter. I never wrote them down.

You on the other hand threaten to expose mine. Asshole, you're only making shit worse because you KEEP POSTING ABOUT ME... I've moved on but I can't help but laugh every time I search for your profile with the word "Randy" at the end of it and see all of your posts about me.




The last time she posted a meme of me I posted it on my Andrew Blaze Twitter and Instagram. She stalks my profile and comments on it, after I haven't engaged her in 6 1/2 months. What happens next? She "protects her Twitter" and changes the name of it for the ten millionth time and cowers for days before finally going back to normal, FUCKING COWARD. You're just like me Haley, you just don't wanna admit it. You thrive off of negativity, pissing people off, and having your voice heard. **KILL YOURSELF** you worthless sack of shit. You brought ALL of this on yourself. Talking about shit only makes it worse on you while I get publicity from it. I win, I'll come back to haunt you, I can assure you that.

The only legit "threat" I've made was that "Promise Kept" tape video. I low key targetted Sammy to spook you but in no way shape or form did I use anyone's name. You have no case. It's a "fictional" work of art. You lose, in either way you lose. I can almost 100% guarantee you're posting about me so you can make me "slip up" and threaten you in the subtlest way



so you can have me arrested. Good luck, honey. You have a higher chance of getting killed before that happens; not by my hands, someone who is actually LEGIT crazy. I just get enjoyment out of humans talking about me; I'd never actually hunt someone down. You're only hurting yourself, Haley. Go suck on a juice box. ~~~

I'd post videos of me shooting guns more but then it'd turn into "OMG, he's target practicing to kill us!" Just fucking die. One day karma will hit you hard, I guarantee it. Let me tell you, if you BURR tweet my address I'll report you to the police faster than you can say "oops", and put a nice little felony on your record. Very few humans are worth my time but I'll gladly take pride in fucking your life up while you're still young. Watch your back, Haley. Don't slip up. 

AB



Monday, February 20<sup>th</sup>, 2017

Nothing seems to matter anymore... I haven't felt like doing anything for the last 4-6 days. Boredom has been a killer, and I'm never bored. I've gone 23 hours without food once and around 20 leading into today, I don't want to eat anymore. Nothing makes my mouth water anymore and the thought of eating anything just disgusts me. Before I ate this morning I was 127 lbs on the scale. Not eating for 20 hours drops me around 6 lbs. I'm always at or below 135 lbs. I legit just don't want to eat anymore. Ghosts don't eat, why should I?

I dread the thought of being bulky, fat, or muscular, I like the way I am. My arms are as thin as the "EGS" drawings. I have virtually zero body fat, yet I worry about putting on weight, but I don't want to be so thin that I look like a skeleton.

I care a LOT about how I look. My hair is never perfect; I'm ~~always~~ adjusting it or looking in the mirror. I can never pose for pictures because I'm never satisfied with my looks. I think it's called "Body Dysmorphia", and obviously some OCD. I could post a "selfie" but the one you see is almost always between pic number 20 or even 50.



Nelly told me she went like 3 months without food; only surviving off of protein juice or something. She lost so much weight. That's incredible. I'd never be able to go that long. One full day is doable but the weakness isn't fun.

I literally have not wanted to do anything lately, not even working on "EGS". My motivation dried up. Fucking animator turned down the "Anymore" video a couple weeks ago after I sent an animator that really sucked my motivation dry. Thanks faggot; "I wouldn't be comfortable animating this", BITCH! I was willing to pay you \$20 per second of animation and you decline because it's too dark? You're an animator! DO THE WORK! FUCK, IT'S MONEY! Just fucking die.

I've been so depressed lately that I almost just want to drop and abandon every other "EGS" idea and just do "Anymore" and die. The work just never seems worth it anymore. People subscribe every other day but the social media interaction is dryer than dried cum in a sock from the 9<sup>th</sup> grade. No one messages the Facebook page, no one tweets the Twitter page,



the same eight people "like" the Instagram posts, two people comment on wiki uploads/updates; It's beyond boring, I envisioned getting at least 10 "likes" on tweets, not one. The interaction is a disgrace; It always has been. It's never constant and that really demotivates me. I'm not gonna post that because you'll be putting the blame on your audience; no audience, no viewership. But you get my point, It's better than NOTHING but it should be waaaaayyy more popular than it is. I'll be dead and people will say "how come I didn't find EGS" sooner?" AsShoke, It's been under virtually everything "Ember" related on YouTube since 2016. Go to the "Remember" music videos, It's in the annotations and video descriptions on two videos that have 1,600,000 views and 200,000 or whatever views. If you type in "Ember melon", you will see "EGS" NO MATTER WHAT, so there better not be comments like that in the future, because you're blind.



I really honestly hope "E6S" becomes its own show and eventually a movie, though I'll never be alive to see that through. Here's the fact of the matter, "Ember" is owned by Nickelodeon, ergo I'll never be able to produce a show based on a character they own and turn a kid's show character into a mature and sick twisted gory world of dead ghosts trying to kill mankind. Never happen.

Only I know the truth in "E6S", no one could just replace me and give the same feels. They could try but it wouldn't be right. "E6S" has that look. It has "It". It looks like it should be a global hit phenomenon yet it's buried under retarded-ass gaming channels that shouldn't even be allowed to make a living off of YouTube. I pray those channels die. Markipler, Jacksepticeye (who's literally a copycat of mine), PewDiePie, etc. You humans make all of these losers who overreact to video game footage out to be fucking gods. THEY SIT IN FRONT OF A SCREEN PLAYING VIDEO GAMES. They're worthless. "They do char-" STFU with the charity live stream shit.



That is literally the only good thing they can do, other than that they're worthless. Enough of that garbage.

I pray YouTube terminates the partnership program and all these lazy fags who use YouTube as their source of income need to get real jobs.

YouTube is not a job. Yes, they pay you for the views/ad clicks you get but if you get low views you get little money. NOT A JOB.

What I wouldn't give to just hand a bunch of storyboards and voice over tracks to 70-80 animators in my basement and say "here you go, now animate it." (sigh) In a perfect world. I feel like I get little to no respect for how much work goes into just one video. "I'd watch if the animation wasn't shitty" YOU ARE A SPOILED CUNT RAB. DO YOU WIPE YOUR ASS WITH DIAMONDS? DO BUTTER, SERVE YOU DINNER? Jump off of a 2000 ft cliff and when you die from hitting the earth tell me how you would've lived if gravity was "better". I'm all for free speech but when it's a retarded comment like that you shouldn't even be allowed in front of a TV.



Man I've been writing a lot... At this rate I'll need a second journal by May; I've been scanning and sorting all of these into my mac, goddess forbid something either happens to me or the book. I should start typing a digital version soon... I'm trying to figure out ~~when~~ when and where to release all of this, because my death date is one giant question mark.


You never know, I could just reach the breaking point one day and just take a window of opportunity and do it, but that'd leave these entries unreleased... I don't even think that's a... oh wait it's a word. Ugh... I hate grammar.

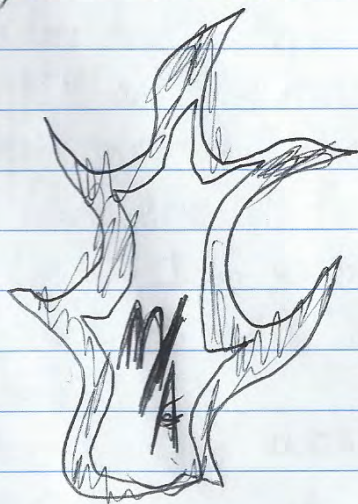
That being said I don't want to prematurely upload this and get stopped in the process. My parents wouldn't probably release it. So I don't know... I could just make it all a ZIP file and put it on Drop Box. People will make copies. Makes the most sense. I doubt anyone would ever hack my mac, but even if the screenshots of the entries were seen, it'd lead nowhere. That's why this notebook is the way to go. You can't hack a journal.

-AB



02-20-17 (cont.)

Speaking of "premature", I prematurely wrapped up without mentioning something. In reality I would dye my hair black and purple but I'd look exactly like Mackenzie. The fact of the matter is ~~THAT IS WHAT I'D~~ look like in the ghost squad, but I don't want to redesign Mackenzie just to redye my hair. It blows. The wardrobe I wear is inspired by Sonata Dusk obviously but in reality I would look exactly like Mackenzie; black and purple hair, pink or purple eyes, black shirt with purple sleeves, black leggings, etc. I'm literally M but without the trademark eye. Too late to change it now but it's how it is. Love you, M. 



-A/B



Thursday, March 2<sup>nd</sup>, 2017

I feel like I'm trapped; bound between two worlds. Nothing seems to matter anymore. As each day passes I feel less and less welcome on planet Earth. I wish I could go out and shoot up a school so bad, like my college campus. There'd be no way to kill enough people though. I want to kill thousands, not just three to twelve. My luck some dirt bag would tackle me when my back's turned, or SWAT/cops would barge in within 10 minutes.

I'm tired of acting like I care about the world; I don't belong here. I see these humans and think, "it must suck to be you." I want a sawn-off shotgun so bad. Maybe I'll own one soon, or at least a regular shotgun. I think that's the most efficient way to go out. My mom got her gun last week but I really don't have enough faith in that thing doing the job. Ugh. I'm so tired. Tired of living. Tired of trying. Tired of getting nowhere. Tired of humans.

Pylan Klebold was in my dream for a minute earlier today. That was very short lived.

-AB



Saturday, March 4<sup>th</sup>, 2017

I want a sawn off shotgun so bad...  
I'm going to buy one this spring/summer and saw  
it off, I don't care, I'll call her mackenzie, and  
we'll blow shit to shreds. I just hope she doesn't  
kick too hard.

I cannot get Columbine off my mind. The  
2 1/2 hours it took me to fall asleep yesterday  
was full of fantasies of storming into a supermarket  
(where I work) and shooting everybody; ending with  
me blowing my head off in Aisle 1. That could  
easily become a reality, but killing two-three  
people is nowhere near satisfying. Hey, I might  
go for it one night, who knows.

I'd kill to shoot up Dana's work because  
it's always filled with people; but that increases  
the odds of someone being armed and/or  
stopping you. My store would have to be when I'm  
working (overnight). No one would see it coming.  
I'd shoot Frank and Jay first but they're never  
both there when my shift starts. Including me  
there's only a MAX of 4 people on overnight.  
Brian would get shot first; neutralize the biggest  
threat first.



I'd kill Chris but thankfully he quit.  
I don't hate Victoria but ya gotta go.  
The biggest problem is the supermarket has  
too many exits. If you hear gunfire, you're gone,  
as long as you're not two ~~aisles~~ ~~aisles~~, how the  
fuck do you spend ~~the~~ ~~aisles~~, two aisles  
next to the ~~gun~~ gunman.

I know a guy who works dairy who would  
probably do it with me but I wouldn't want  
to risk it all by relying on him not to turn me  
in. The guy would do that, so ~~no~~.

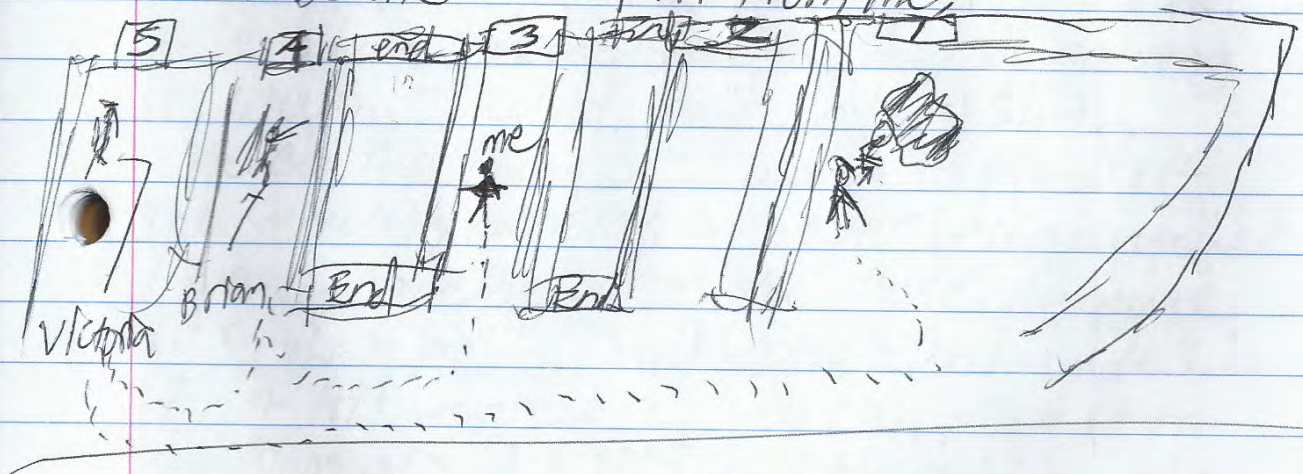
It'd be VERY short-lived, I can tell you  
that. I wish I could have hours like Eric  
and Dylan unknowingly had, with a bunch  
of teenagers to shoot at.

Nowadays you shoot in a school and I  
see it all being over within 10-15 minutes,  
& sad face ~~it~~ sucks ~~no~~.

I wouldn't mind shooting that store up but  
I wish there'd be more people to kill besides  
Brian, Victoria, maybe Will, and the floor guy.  
Hey, better than nothing, I seriously might  
do it. No one would ever suspect a thing.



I'd do it after our 2am break, probably. That way the store's long closed and everyone's focused on work. We'd come back inside, I'd act like I'm putting stock up, sneak back outside, gear up and have fun. The floor guy would be too busy operating his floor buffer or scrubber machine, and chances are Brian and Victoria would be one aisle apart from me.



The biggest problem though is there'd be no witnesses; no one to say what happened or what was said. I had this dream around 2 1/2-3 years ago where I walked into that store and hid a shotgun behind a wall of backstock, and walked out. I could make this a reality. It's just not enough people and no one to live to tell the tale.



Again, I'd do it on day shift but you could easily be overpowered. The last thing I'd want is to A) survive and B.) have the customers "fight back"; these headlines would make me sick. So it's gotta be at night, unless I miraculously learned how to make bombs.

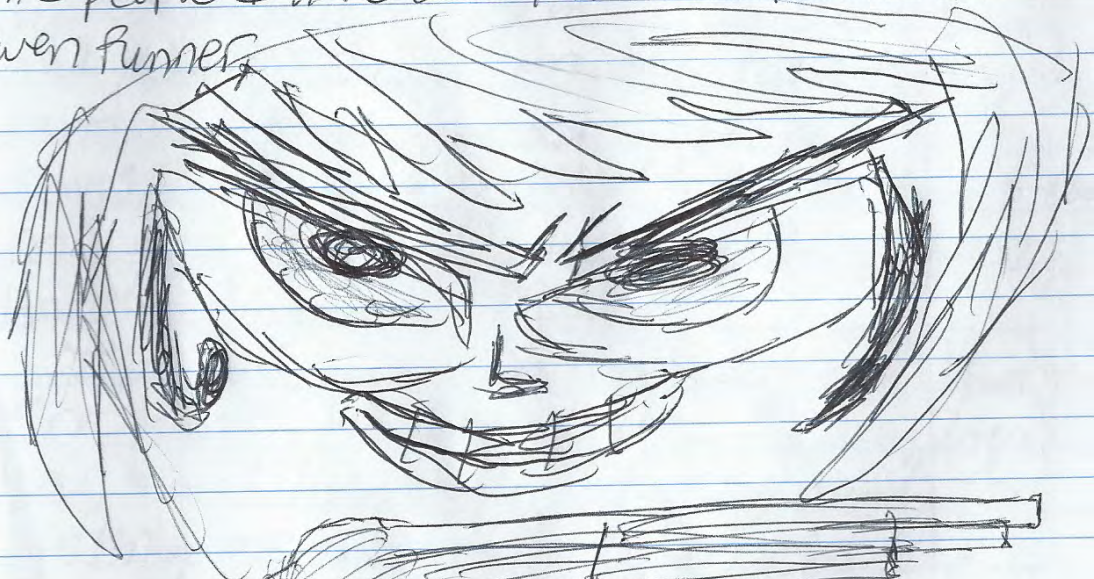
They're sitting ducks HAHAAAA! I think Brian keeps a gun in his car, but he'd never be able to have someone save the day by getting it. Wavim I could legit do this shift.

Here's the thing. I want to know if the security cameras are ever being watched live by someone across the state. Because if so then police would be there in minutes. If not it'd be great cuz you can plan it to go down around 4:45, and then shoot the employees coming in at 5am and 5:30/6. without anyone knowing what happened. That's a lot of time though. I'd never last. So it'd have to go down around 2am at the latest; lunch and the floor guy leave at 3am.



7  
First of all I need a shotgun and to learn how to use it/practice shooting it. Even if I just kill Brian I'd be satisfied, Hell, him and the floor guy have no chance.

Second of all I need to finish "Anymore". I could legit make this shit happen this Fall. Oh man, I'm so game, who knows, might (they) hire people I hate over that time to make it even funner.



-AB



DIE!




Sunday, March 5<sup>th</sup>, 2017

Another day, another heated internal desire to kill mankind. Words cannot describe how much I hate the human race. The subtlest thing such as being blocked by people with shopping carts in a grocery aisle makes me want to blow their faces off! They all go about their routines whereas I'm constantly secretly analyzing them. I constantly stop and ponder, "I could probably take that guy out and that guy out with a few slugs," \*POW!\* & \*POW!\* (2 on the floor in a pool of blood; clenching their chests, barely clinging to life).

I'd look good with a sawn off shotgun. Eric Harris, no homo, but I fucking love you, man! Thank you so fucking much for getting me into guns! When I'm dead I wanna shoot with you, dude. Let's make it happen!

I can't get guns or Columbine off my mind; I've completely desensitized myself to gun violence.



It's crazy to think if I go through with this plan to kill my co-workers I'll make the news headlines. If I do in fact do this I'm gonna place "E65" ghost stickers on the corpses. The squad and Harris/Klebold are my drive. I'm going to give it serious thought this spring/summer and see what happens. I need shooting practice first. Can't just waltz on in there and expect to light shit up. Gotta get to know your guns first, and just as important, your victims.  I need a pump-action shotgun that fires more than just one shell without having to reload.

Over the last few years I've had this strange feeling that I'm meant to do something bad in that supermarket. I can't even see myself past my 30's; you know, not being able to see yourself as a true aged adult? I've felt that my whole life; not being able to see myself older. I was meant to die young.



It's obviously a very strange feeling knowing I could be dead within the next 5 months to 2 years. I think about death every hour of the day/night. When girls aren't mentally pleasing me, death is. Corpses don't turn me on, it's the idea of being dead that drives me. I can't wait to not have to abide by the retarded laws/rules of the living. I've thought about death quite often in elementary and middle school, but late high school and early college was when it really took off.

I've always desired to be famous, to make a name for myself and inspire others. Sometimes you gotta do evil deeds to be famous; it's fate, nothing more, nothing less. Granted shooting 2-3 co-workers in a store and taking your own life isn't national news-worthy, it gets your name out there. As I said, I'd shoot up the store in the day but I'd be neutralized and stopped fast. Someone would definitely have a gun in their purse.



I'll take the "sure-thing" and do what ~~I~~ **KNOW** will work. I want to leave my mark, even if only one guy is killed. I go back to work tomorrow night after a 2 month medical leave for my finger; I'm gonna start analyzing and looking around for good areas to shoot from. Gonna try and keep a mental log of what aisles are worked most by which co-worker. First of all I need my fucking shotgun; Grrrr!!! Spring can't come soon enough.

I've tossed around how I want to kill myself a lot the last 6 1/2 years. I really wanted to hunt down Sammy or Haley and kill one of them, but that's a risky operation. I don't even have their addresses anymore. It's virtually a dead-lock tie who I'd rather kill (Sammy/Haley). Sammy for dragging me into her suicide shit and making me feel sorry for her (and overall just being a punk-ass cunt bitch) or Haley for being the wimpest attention whore on the Internet.



They both say that "I won't do shit" to them yet any time I see my name in their tweets they're scared 90% of the time. As I said, I think they're conspiring for me to slip up and threaten them and report me to the police / secret service for threatening to blow their heads off. I posted an edit that Haley made of me on Instagram today and am gonna "play dumb" if she says it's her edit. Gonna try and cool her jets towards me so she feels less "threatened". I've come too far to let some loser nobody cunt bitch stop me from fulfilling my destiny. I don't want to be friends with her, I want her to like my stuff again OR at the very least not feel threatened.

I've crept on their Twitter's every week since September 2015; I am't stopping. They fuel my hatred towards the human race. I think Sammy is in an external squad too. Could be wrong but I can just sense an overwhelming amount of negative energy from her Twitter.



You laugh but I can sense large doses of negativity in humans. I guarantee my dad has a lot fucked inside. He's too "overly nice" a lot. Be honest, you hate this world too but you were programmed to not let that be known to the public.

I guarantee a lot of you reading this feel somewhat similar to me. I'm not a psychopath, I'm a trapped soul eager to get out, only I want to have some fun before I go. Eric Harris was **NOT** a psychopath.

He wanted to fit in, make friends, get laid, and have a good time. He was just in the wrong crowd and group of kids. He was an outcast who should've been respected.

I'm the same way only I was shy and less outgoing. I wanted to make friends, **DESPERATELY** but all I ended up seeing was the bad in people. Matthew Gilbert was my only legit friend (who I hung out with) from 1<sup>st</sup> - 4<sup>th</sup> grade.

By time 12<sup>th</sup> grade rolled around I maybe had two people who were legit friends; James Schwemmer and Chris Reese.



By high school I just stopped trying to make friends. The whole grade knew me but I was "just there," I'd get picked on now and then but never like major shit, just stupid shit like hiding my backpack, my books, stealing my pencils, stealing my book covers, minor shit. Never got into fights but I ended up in front of two of them in middle school.

Obviously my YouTube videos gained more respect from my class in 11<sup>th</sup>/12<sup>th</sup> grade but I was still "just there." I've hated people my entire life, I didn't just wake up one day and start hating people. Middle school was when I really started to heat up and envision hurting the people in my class, such as Eric Waters. In 6<sup>th</sup>-8<sup>th</sup> grade the kid was twice my size. He looked like a 9<sup>th</sup>/10<sup>th</sup> grader. He was the class bully. He'd steal shit from my lunch and then give it back because I didn't show any resistance; "this kid doesn't even care! Haha!" he joked.



Yeah, he sat at my table. ✖

Anyways since I was never a threat to him he left me alone most of the time. Fortunately no one ever physically assaulted me in school. Only time that ever came close to a physical fight was this stupid black kid, Jordan Richardson kept making sexual verbal gestures in my computer class; touching my workspace (keyboard, mouse, etc) and eventually caused me to fall out of my chair and onto the hard tiled floor. I couldn't even speak, I was so enraged. That was in 2009. I was just too much of a wimp to speak my mind and stand up for myself between 9<sup>th</sup> and 11<sup>th</sup> grade. There was a lot on my mind in high school and bullies were at the bottom of the list. You always have weak stupid shit like that happening every day but it added to the rage.

Eric Waters, Henry Bant, Matt Reagan, Jordan Richardson, Billy Kaleta, Jeff Statchnick, Cameron Lupole, Chris Scharff, and the guy who sat at my art class table in 11<sup>th</sup> or 12<sup>th</sup> grade can fucking burn to death.



High school more than anything was full of nothing but sex jokes and innuendo to get under your skin. If I had a dollar for all of the times I was put on the spot to be made uncomfortable by someone with sex jokes I'd be rich. I ~~am~~ HATED High School, yet I miss it in a lot. I don't miss the tests, but I miss the bubble we all used to live under, the dreams we all had, now everyone's all disbanded, the school was demolished weeks to months after I graduated. Dallas High School was a ratty facility from the 1960's, but it was our ratty facility. It crushes me knowing the halls I made so many memories in are all gone. My school is now a parking lot for the new triple story school. Really makes me sad. I can't believe I'll be 25 this September. I've been out of high school for almost 6 years already, feels like 3. Where did the time go? I know 6 years isn't much but it is. June 3<sup>rd</sup>, 2011 was one of the best days of my life; graduating.



I'll never forget that sunset, ever.  
That Explosions in the Sky song "Your Hand  
in mine" really sets the tone to how leaving  
that high school's parking lot felt as that  
sun set behind the mountains. I remember  
filming it on my Flip HD camera, "I'm  
DONE! YEAHA!!! It's crazy! It's just  
insane!" Almost tears me up thinking  
about it.

High school really was something I didn't  
realize I had until it was gone; one of  
those kind of things. College was  
just "eh" I just picture all of those  
people I grew up around with, all the times  
we had in that school, and they're all just  
gone doing their own thing somewhere  
now. I'd never hang out with any of  
them nowadays but I just wish I could  
go back and make girls like me; get to  
know them, as opposed to just coming and  
going. I missed out but at the same  
time I didn't. It's fate. It's too late  
to make friends now, they'll only hold me  
back from my true friends; the "EGS".

AB



Monday, March 6<sup>th</sup>, 2017

Just like that my 2 month medical leave is over. X( I really don't want to go back to that hell hole. Tonight I'm gonna start analyzing the facility and see what can be done for the shooting. There's a cage full of propane tanks in front of the building; when does propane explode from overheating? Like, can you douse it with gasoline, light a match and blow it up? doubt it'd be ~~THAT~~ easy. I'm not shooting at them; rather pour a line of gas from A to B and light it,

I'm not taking shit from anybody when I go back there. If I do go through with this plan I'm thinking the night of September 6<sup>th</sup> would be perfect; It'd be September 7<sup>th</sup> when it all goes down. Seven's my favorite number, and what better way than for it to be "September" to coincide with "Remember"? Wow... I could be dead 6 months tonight. COOL... ☺ ☺ ☺

That's enough time to get "Anymore" done (at least decently enough) and practice shooting. It'll go by **FAST** though, so I need to get my ass in gear.



I just gotta keep my cool these next few months and watch what I say. As much as I love "EBS", I can't spend years and years slaying away animating a YouTube series that will never get the attention or the help it deserves. Animators are always too damn busy with bigger things. After I'm dead I want people to continue the channel and spread the squad.  
~~"I want to be a famous animator"~~

With the amount of time it takes to do just one video, I'll be 30 by time I make a backlog of content; that's not happening. I'd rather tap out early than waste 5 years to make like 10 animated videos, properly.

I hate the thought of aging. I'd rather die young and be forever young. I wonder if fan girls will obsess over me? That'd be great. If you're ever struggling to find yourself and can't see your future and want to die, then go for it. Who's going to stop you from completing your destiny? Maybe some of you will end up in the "EBS" with me. 😊 I'll welcome you with open girly arms. ^\_^



You have no idea how many times I've said in my head throughout my life, "I'll be dead by then." I've been thinking that since like 5<sup>th</sup> grade, I wanted to die before I got to high school. It's been a thought for over 11 years. Sometimes you just know things... 6 months... It could happen... Time will tell...

-A B



Monday, March 13<sup>th</sup>, 2017

I'm releasing the multitracks that I got from Johnny Frank today and I fucking hope Andrew Blake gets mad. He's a fucking asshole for lying to me about those tracks, Fucker lied to me about having the instrumentation and vocal tracks for "Anymore" when he had them all year and completely ignored me after Andrew Wade gave them to him "again" after referencing my name in the email with the tracks attached. What a fucking faggot!

I just uploaded the instrumental versions of "Comeback Song", "I Quit", and "My Last Confession". Uploading isolated vocals for "Comeback" now, the "acapella" version AND single-tracked versions. He's going to be so pissed. I got these tracks from Johnny over the summer of 2015 and 2016. Bet Andrew lied about not getting in touch with Johnny back then too like with Wade.

What a fucking fagg. You don't lie to me, I'll beat you when you're down. The writings on the wall, he flat out doesn't care about me, he's full of shit. Not crediting me in the music video, lying about the tracks, not even acknowledging fan art or thanking me, KISS MY WHITE ASS!

ASS! -AB



Monday, March 13<sup>th</sup>, 2017

"Now you're somewhere  
out there with a bitch,  
slut, psycho-babe, I hate  
you, why are guys so lame??  
Everything I gave you, I  
want everything back  
but YOUUU!!!"

Andrew Blank is such a fucking faggot.  
I'm gonna wait and see how long it'll take  
for him to notice that I released a good  
chunk of those tracks. Here's the thing  
Andrew, this ALL could've been avoided had  
you not lied to me; you dug yourself into  
an even bigger hole because of this. Had  
you simply "pondered it" or simply told me  
that you don't want to give out multi-tracks  
back in late summer 2016 I would've  
simply said "okay, understandable."  
But the waters only gotten bloodier  
now, and there's no purrifying it.

As I said, I'm fairly sure he lied to me  
back in summer 2015 as well.



In summer 2015 I was making the "EBS" Intro with "Comeback Song" and simply asked Andrew if there was any way he could get me an Instrumental version so animating the Instruments could be timed better to the track. He claims to have asked Johnny Franck (their recording producer) and days to a week passed; NOTHING. I email Johnny and get him almost immediately, after nearly a month of "nothing". Fucker charged me like \$100 for the "Comeback Song" and "My Last Confession" unmastered stems but I got 'em. Being they weren't mastered they sounded so flat and dead. Nearly a year later I finally got the mastered instrumentals; stems were cool but they weren't "full" enough. So I spent nearly \$200 on all of that.

Fucker charged me \$80 to stay after his shift and get the instrumentals, what a fucking money whore. Whatever, money's worthless.



Enough about that monstrosity, so anyway I was thinking about the shooting at the supermarket idea but I don't think I want to risk it; I'd rather take the "sure thing" and just kill myself. I know for a fact something can easily go wrong and have me ending up alive in prison. Keep pretending the gun jamming or falling apart. I just can't risk it. I'm not that stupid. It was a good idea though.

I'm still pretending doing it in September, I don't know. All I know is this shitty weather needs to break so I can get my shotgun and saw it off. I've completely lost interest in doing YouTube videos except for "Anymore."; that's all I care about right now. It very well could be my final video. It just feels like the end.

(I'm here  
The walls  
are here)

ANYMORE



At this rate that video will take until September to finish. It's a lot to animate... a lot... but so far it looks good. Honestly I'm just ready to die. They're telling me it's almost time, I can sense it, 2017 may very well be my last year on this putrid earth. The thought of turning 25 on September 17<sup>th</sup> is pressuring me even more... I'm still a ways from 30, but I'm rapidly running out of youth. I feel 19, not 24 1/4.

The thought of becoming a woman again is the main drive behind the suicidal side. I've been ready to go for around 7 years. It's so hard to live on this planet and to "act normal". There's no such thing as "normal".

September has nice weather at least. The thought of shooting myself in the cold just doesn't cut it for me, gotta be warm. The other thought is do I do it at night or afternoon? Personally night would be better but that's "morning" for me. 2am would be good. September 15<sup>th</sup> maybe... gotta be before the 17<sup>th</sup>.



People will see it as a tragedy but it'll set me free. Be happy for people who commit suicide; they're free from this putrid world. Life isn't meant for everyone, Accept it. We're all born different. You are free to do whatever you want with your life; you're in control. If they want you on medication for depression/suicidal thoughts, say "Fuck that!" don't let a drug tell you how you "should feel"; you're not you if you rely on drugs.

If you want to end your life then just sit back and plan it out. Make sure it's full-proof, not something that will leave you alive and paralyzed. If you want to shoot yourself, put the gun barrel in your mouth NOT to the side of your head/temple. A shotgun is virtually full-proof; a pistol is pretty much 75/25 if you don't flinch after pulling the trigger. Sometimes you just gotta use what's around you. I'd leave hanging yourself as a last resort, That's a harsh and slow way to go.



I'll forever suggest the shotgun in the mouth way; the Eric Harris ~~route~~ route. You're virtually never going to survive that, unless you like flinch and rock the barrel forward and blow your nose and lip off. Those final seconds are going to be extremely nerve-racking, but in a way I can't wait.


I know Mackenzie will be by my side when I'm about to do it. Part of me wants to film it, but I'm 100% positive that footage would be deleted from my camera in an instant. I'd stream it but I bet I'd get kicked from the server. Best to just say my goodbyes on social media and just sit and do it.

Crazy, I could be dead in 6 months. It's always on my mind. I just want it the hell over with already. I want to be with M and the rest of the ghost squad, not forced to spend a lifetime making money and waking up to the sound of a fucking alarm clock 5 nights a week.

-AB



Wednesday, March 15<sup>th</sup>, 2017

It's the early morning hours of March 15<sup>th</sup>; we  
fucking got 2ft of snow yesterday. Definitely  
the most I've ever seen. It was Mackenzie's  
birthday yesterday too. Love you, M. 

-AB

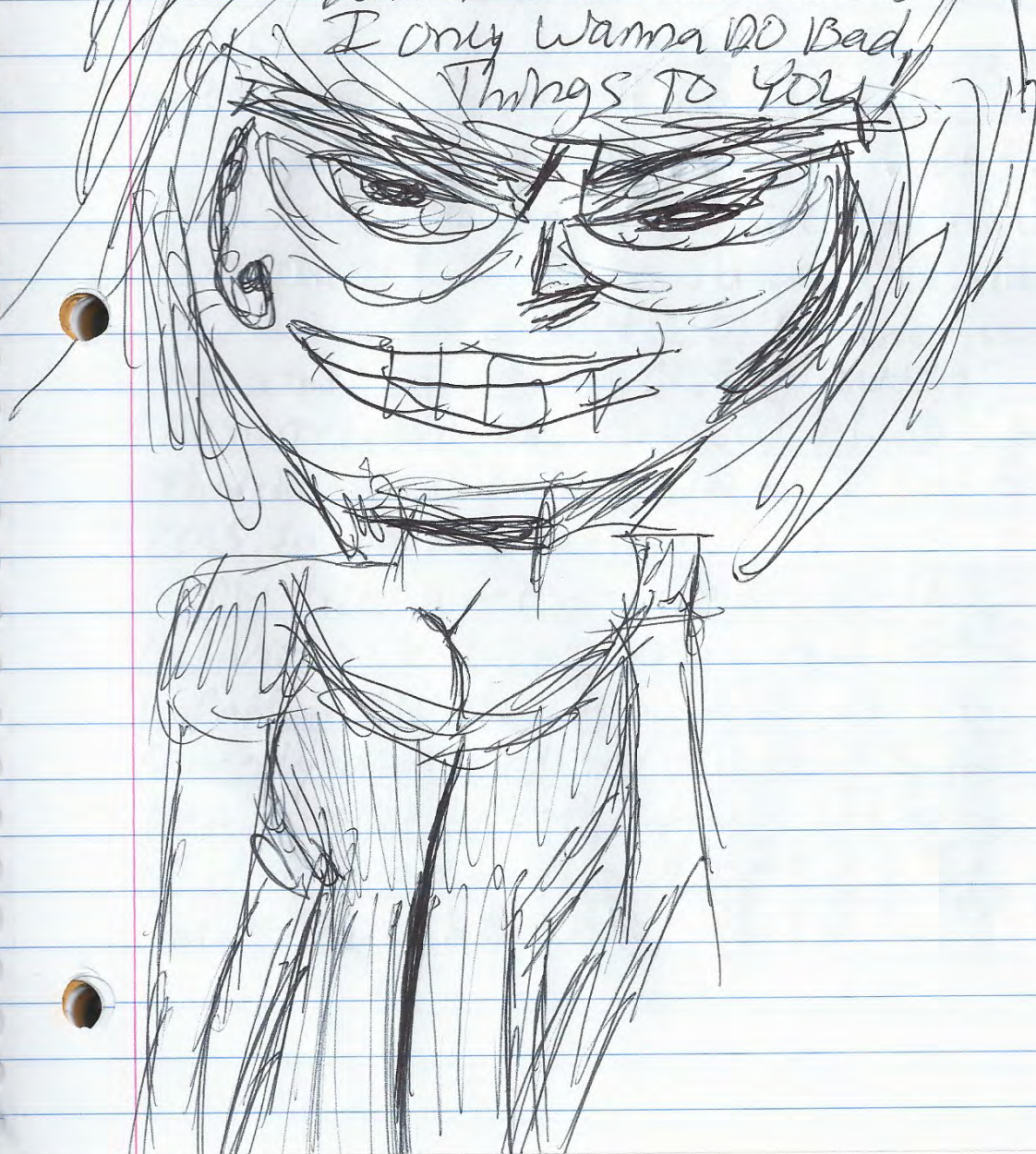
Friday, March 17<sup>th</sup>, 2017

Holy fuck do humans piss me off!  
People don't know how to fucking drive!  
I almost got into like 6 accidents today, because  
of how fucking stupid people are. They drive  
way too fucking slow, they're always in my  
damn way, and they never notice the  
green arrow until it's too late, FUCK!  
I know it sounds stupid but I wish I  
could go all GTA V and throw sticky bombs  
on all of these worthless people's cars and  
blow them up. The 2ft of snow on the  
shoulders make people even stupider.

Whatever. I don't fucking care.  
You'll all be dead someday anyway. Yeah!  
YOU'LL BE FUCKING DEAD SOMEDAY!



Am I out of my Head?  
Am I out of my mind?  
If you only knew the bad  
things I like!  
Don't matter what you say  
Don't matter what you do  
I only wanna do bad  
Things to you!





You have NO Idea what I wish I could do to humans. So many of my dreams anymore have consisted of me strangling someone to death or shooting them with a sawn-off shotgun or pistol. I've even had a dream where I walked into a building and shot and killed people with my hand making the shape of a gun and "Shooting".

People on the internet have little to no clue how dark and evil I truly am. From 2008-2014 I never showed this side of me; but at the end of 2014 the darkness took over my videos ("Examination", "Resurrection", and "Abyss"). "Abyss" was technically 2016 but whatever, I sacrificed 2015 to learn animation.

My fucking parents are completely oblivious to who I really am. It's unfathomable that they don't see me as severely depressed and suicidal/homicidal. Being nightshift full time helps since I don't see them throughout the early morning hours/early afternoon.



I've been debating for the longest time whether or not to kill someone in the house before killing myself. Here's the biggest reason why I keep holding off that thought; if there's prices to pay in the afterlife for killing X amount of people that is punishable by X amount of years. Imagine if killing one person costs you 100 years of torture or isolation.

Yes I'm 100% positive the "BBS" exist BUT there's no telling what could happen in general terms of killing people. Say I kill Brian and Victoria, 200 years? I don't think that can happen. I've waited 24 1/4 years to join the ~~ghost~~ ghost squad; I can't pile on anymore years. I don't know, there might not be any prices to pay for all I know but better safe than sorry. Whatever I end up doing is what I end up doing.



I've been constantly trying to choose the day I die; it all depends on when I get the gun and when I finish "Anymore". So it's anywhere between September and October 2017. Halloween would be a great last resort. Halloween night is September 7<sup>th</sup>. I don't know. At the same time I feel 2017 is too soon. I really don't know how I could last another year or two, plus my parents will want me to move out. Oh, I'll move out alright, to a place where I'll truly be at home, the "BBS".

Oh, how I want to fucking die!  
The thought of being forever young...  
Never having to breathe or work again...  
Being where I truly belong... Being a  
dead ghost girl is going to make me cry  
tears of joy. I'm so close yet so far  
from going. It's right there, ripe  
for the taking, but I still have more  
to do around here. Ughhh. It won't  
be much longer.

-AB



Monday, March 20<sup>th</sup>, 2017

I'm going to do it. Once this summer draws to a close, I'm going to go. Whether it be September or Halloween night, I'm gone. The transition is going to be premonitory.

I just created that word on the spot. It means a combination of ecstasy, warmth, comfort, relaxation, bliss, arrogance, cleverness, foreshadowing, evil, and courage internally.

I'm so ready to go, even if I die a nobody, ~~ANYTHING~~ there is better than here.

I've learned a lot in my 24 1/4 years on this planet but the biggest thing I've learned is that nothing matters. You can be rich, famous, have a loving family, kids, but it doesn't matter. Everything dies eventually and nothing lasts forever. Why waste decades upon decades slaving away at a profession when you'll be replaced in the end anyways? Why save money when you'll die and lose it all? Money is worthless. It doesn't matter how much you make, you're just as worthless as every other human on this pathetic planet.



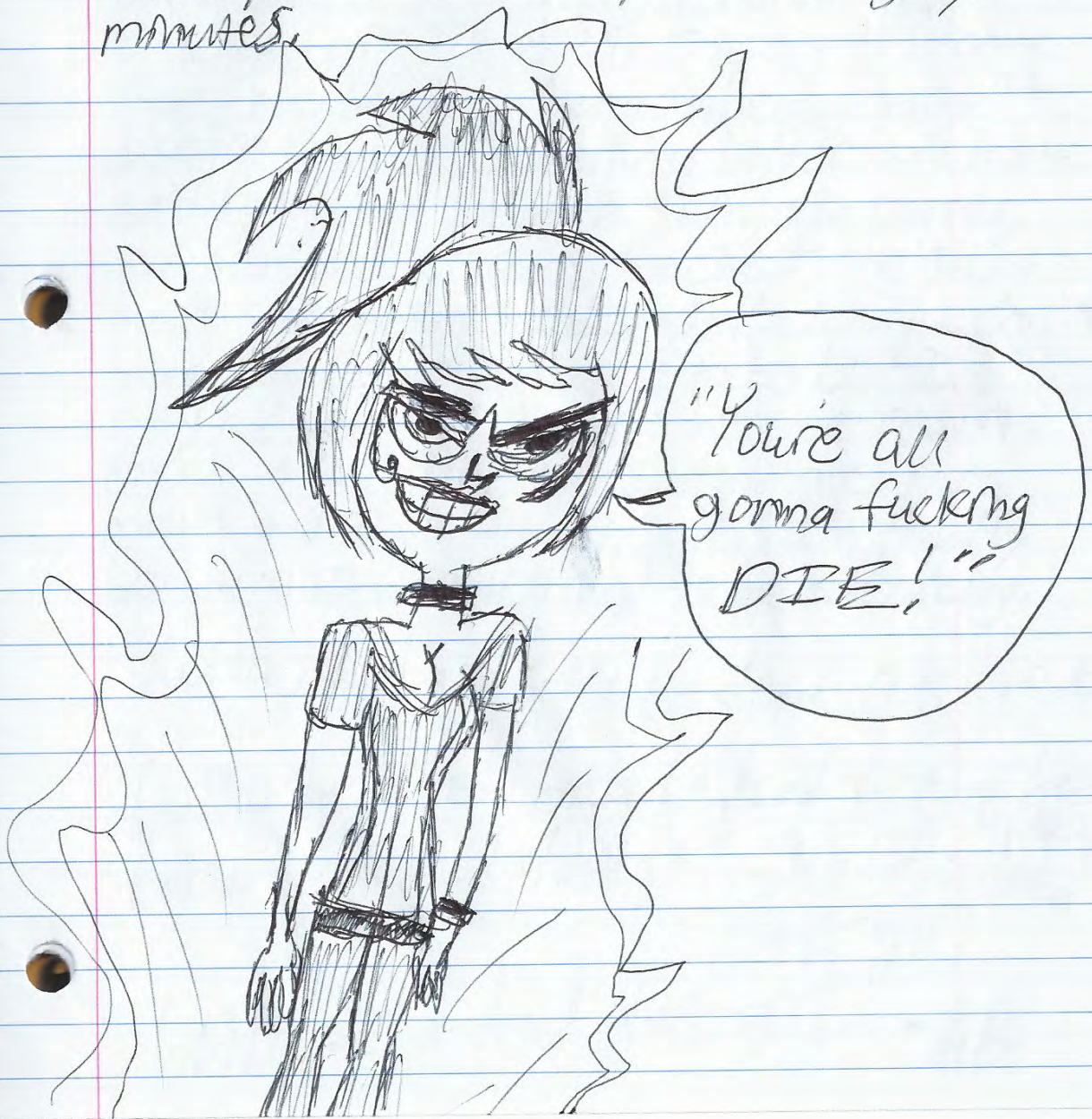
Nothing matters anymore. Everyone's so full of shit. Everyone in America is nothing but a waste of space and air. It's full of lazy fuckers who imitate other worthless people.

I just want to lock myself in a dark room and listen to horror soundtracks all night. Those haunted dark piano, string, and synth bass soundtracks make me feel that much closer to home.

Why should I even bother devoting decades more to making films/productions when I can die and "live it"? It's better to be dead than alive; the dead have nothing to lose and everything to gain. Death is what should replace life. In death you're where you truly belong. I've long had enough of living. I don't live anymore, I'm just enduring. I close my eyes and become who I truly am and have a sinister evil smile on my face; people are dying all around me as I'm the dead girl floating and standing victorious.



I envision the people who've hurt me  
pleading and begging for mercy at my  
girly ghostly feet, as I stand/float there  
saying "It's too late for Sorry!",  
Vaporizing their bodies SLOWLY, making  
them feel the brutal pain and agony for  
minutes.





I want to KILL everyone on this planet.  
I have fantasies of KILLING girls and laying  
their corpse on top of me and fusing into  
their bodies, absorbing their feminine traits  
and absorbing what little life is left inside of  
them. I'm a ghoul, a girly, feminine ghoul.  
I want girls' bodies. I want to become  
them, overshadow them, and eventually  
discard them for something better and more  
satisfying. The smooth skin, the curves,  
the stomach (center), the chest, the silky  
moist smooth arms and legs, the long hair on the  
head, this is how I'm meant to be but I'm  
not; not yet. This fan it'll become reality.  
Once that barrel of that shotgun goes in my  
mouth and I pull that trigger, I'll finally  
be where I was destined to be all along.

Gotta be dead Gotta be dead Gotta be dead  
Gotta be dead Gotta be dead Gotta be  
Gotta be a dead Ghost girl Gotta be a dead  
Ghost girl  
Gotta be a dead Ghost girl. - AB



Tuesday, March 21<sup>st</sup>, 2017

"Everyone's So Full  
of SHIT!" } Jesus of  
Born and Raised by } Suburbia  
Hypocrites!"

I'll be lurking in the darkest corners  
of your bedrooms at night when you're  
all tucked in and drifting off to sleep.  
My purple eyes will glow through the darkness.  
I'll hover over you as you sleep and blow  
icy cold air down your neck.





I'll invade your dreams, bringing your worst fears to life. My face will be masked by shadows, my sinister grin luminescent in the darkness by the whiteness of my teeth. You'll grow weaker, everything around you will start to fade and wither away into nothingness, and you will begin to suffocate. When you awake you'll be shaken yet relieved that it was all a dream, but something inside of you will feel a sense of insecurity; something will feel wrong and uneasy, as if something is watching you. Shadows and darkness surround your room, but in the darkest corner I will stand, oblivious to your eyes but detected by your senses.

You'll close your eyes and tell yourself it's just a nightmare and to go back to sleep, but I'll be there, infrequently returning throughout the dark and quiet night, analyzing your body as it sleeps; your mind thousands of miles away but never truly safe.



No one on Earth is truly safe, I can go anywhere, any time, and I WILL stalk your motionless body during your overnight slumber as long as I want. I won't be able to physically move you, but I'll be there. I'll be in the shadows of the light cast by the refrigerator during your midnight snacks. I'll follow you wherever you go, day or night any time, any where, and any one. Even if I know nothing about you, you're not safe. If you're reading this then you've opened up the portal to let me into your lives.

I will kill. I will stalk. I will haunt you, whether you sense it or not. One day the Earth will belong to us (the E65), and we'll have our way, even if we have to fight you for it. Mortality will never defeat immortality. You've already lost before the wars even started. Your faith or worthless religion can't save you. Nothing can save you. You're all DEAD!



Whether it be May 7, 2019 or even a century from now, we will return, we will invade, we will enslave, and we will kill. We don't care about you, your family, your friends, or your life. Life is a trap, a detox center, a LIE. Consider it a gift by dying by our spells and hands.

Our arms may be thin but we can snap your bones like twigs. We can suffocate you by simply hugging you. We don't need guns or ammunition, we are literally a walking and floating deceased feminine doomsday machine, and we won't stop until everyone suffers, becomes a slave, and dies. NO ONE will be left alive on Earth by 2200. Our squad is only one of thousands that will be invading the planet.

YOU WILL ALL FUCKING

DIE!!!



Go ahead and try and launch your  
super secret special missiles and  
atomic bombs at us; we can't feel physical  
pain nor be hurt or destroyed, our limbs  
can detach but will always be reattached.  
Any damage is virtually instantly  
healed. Flames will engulf the cities.





One day the world will suffer, feel  
agonizing pain and seemingly endless torment  
and misery, and will die slow, agonizing  
deaths. You'll all plead for mercy. Nothing  
can stop us. Everyone will die, one by  
one, until every mortal being on this  
putrid, pathetic planet is deceased.

Everyone

will

DIE!

- AB



~~The~~ Wednesday, March 22<sup>nd</sup>, 2017

I'm not insane. Would someone insane admit or deny their own insanity; don't think so. I'm not a psychopath or insane; I'm me. I don't sugarcoat things, I tell it how it is. What you've poured over in this journal is 100% real and 100% authentic.

I don't write this way to overdramatize my emotions, I simply tell it how it is; although "simply" is a rough way of putting it. I have a very gifted yet abstract mind. I don't do street drugs. The only stimulant I consume is beer, and usually I stop after 2 bottles. I don't shoot dope or get high, I'm just naturally interesting. I've had a Twitter account since early 2009, on which I've obviously said plenty of abstract things. Nowadays @EGSandrew is my personal account. Guarantee 95% of my fans/followers think I'm simply playing a character. That's the beauty of it, it prevents the police from getting involved.



I'm virtually borderline reportable to the police/secret service, but if I ever got brought in for questioning I'd get off with "It's just a show and a 'fictional' character." They got nothing on me. I'd get away clean, guarantee it.

I still need to be careful what I post on there though... can't afford to spend time in jail over internet shit. Could you imagine me behind bars?

I'm pretty good with making the tweets sound serious yet humorous at the same time. Whatever, just as long as I don't physically threaten anybody... Oh wait... I did, BARTHA! HAAAAA! Bite me. I can already see it now... me and Rachael killing people for real, but as ghosts. One day it will happen...

SYDNEY A V M AEL FROGGY  
DREW  
RACHAEL  
unstoppable



Words cannot remotely describe Fucking pen died, THANKS ASSHOLE! Eh, this ones better anyway. Words cannot remotely describe how much anger and hatred exists in my soul. You're not born into the world this way, your soul is born that way. This world doesn't make you who you are, you've been yourself all along (in another dimension, your true home). Life on Earth is a mission and a punishment. When you're sent here (to Earth) your mind is wiped clean. As of right now I still can't remember the dimension's name where the EGS exist; 24 1/4 years and I can't remember yet.... nor will I probably ever until I die at year's end.

Everyone on Earth is either A) From an eternal squad here on a mission B) Randomly generated "fake" humans who just take up space, or C) Normal people who will never be recruited to eternal squads and will completely vanish from existence after death, seeing blackness for all of eternity unaware that they lived and died and no longer exist.



People who rule Earth through fame such as bands, actors, and writers are advanced eternal squad recruits. Although I never reached fame with my YouTube channel I still reached hundreds upon hundreds or thousands of people through embarrassing content. That's all part of the test and mission, to overcome public humiliation and depending on how you handle it, you'll discover yourself even faster.

From the very instant I first saw Ember when I was around 13/14 I instantly felt something change on the inside. No, it wasn't puberty, it was the ember igniting inside of my soul. I couldn't take my eyes off of her, nor could I get her off of my mind. I instantly knew that she seemed familiar.

She never went away after that. Ember completely overtook my mind in 2010, bring me into (at the time) the darkest days of my life.




By mid-2011 she faded as I proceeded to start my freshman year of college. However, in March 2013 she came back, and stronger than ever before. Now in 2017 Ember burns strong in my soul every night, every day. Although she was my first crush, she lead me to Mackenzie which I'm forever grateful for. Mackenzie and I were destined to be together for all eternity.

I still love Ember but M is my soulmate. Ember is my leader, Mackenzie is my girl, forevermore. They'll both give me the courage to pull that shotgun trigger, Eric Harris as well. I can see it now... a thousand flashbacks will flash before my eyes, my heart will race, "Remember" will be playing on full blast through my headphones, M will tell me to "do it now!" and then an ear shattering ~~BANG!~~ BANG! Peace and comfort at last... It'll be a hell of a show.



People could analyze my earlier years of life and question "why?" or something along the lines of "what could we have done to prevent this?" We're all born innocent, we all act happy as kids because we don't know how shitty life really is yet. However, there comes a time in everyone's life when reality comes crashing down on top of you, shattering into a million tiny sharp pieces. Hell does exist, and guess what? It's where you're living.

Take my advice, if you legit want to end your life and die, go ahead and do it. You might not know where you truly belong until you're dead, that can sometimes happen. Just know, your squad will be waiting for you, welcoming you back to your real home. Accomplish as much as you can before you're 30, after that it's all downhill and worthless borrowed time. There's no reason to live past 30. Live young, die young, be free. No one can stop you. You are in control.

-AB  ← blood morons



Friday, March 24<sup>th</sup>, 2017

I'm losing, and hard.... I almost want to just end it all now... My body has little to no LIFE left in it.... I'm borderline done with animation... I don't know... Whenever I'm off from work I just want to lay here and do nothing but think or write in here... I have little to no drive left... Nothing matters anymore... and that Youtube channel is collecting dust...

I don't want to do anything anymore... I hardly feel anything anymore... I don't want to move... I just want to die...

I just want to fucking die... I just want to fucking die...

I've virtually all but given up on finding an animator for the massacre video... No one fucking cares or is too busy on more important work. Asshole, I'm fucking paying you to do a damn job, DO IT!

No one is worth my time anymore, what little I have left of anyway.... Rachel Hodge donated \$15.00 to me earlier tonight and I didn't even care... Money is worthless to me now... It can't make me feel any better...



I just want to die and be recruited by the EGS, nothing more nothing less right now... Nothing else matters, my mental state has just plummeted this year... All I think about is death, dying, and revenge; that's it. I'm trapped, fading, and dying... I'm 100% positive that this will be my last year on Earth. Nothing can persuade me otherwise. I'm done... I'm just... done... All of my hopes and dreams of being famous, gone... Without my YouTube videos I'm not needed in this world. YouTube is full of shit now anyways.

2017 will mark the end of a journey... I'm so ready to die... I've been ready for years... I can't live in this horrific body any longer. I can't take people calling me "Randy" any longer, I'm Andrew Blaze, get it right or leave me the hell alone. Andrew Fucking Blaze; "Fucking" isn't my middle name but it sounds cool when you say Andrew Fucking Blaze. I never decided on a middle name.



If I had to choose it'd either be Rachael or Mackenzee. Andrew Rachael Blaze. Rachael could be my alternate name; Rachael Blaze doesn't have that punch to it but I just love the name Rachael.

I don't know how I'm going to get the massacre video done by September... and I'd hate to shorten it or get lazy with it, I don't know... I just enjoy visualizing it over animating it anymore. It's too much fucking work, and time that I don't have anymore. I just want to dump it onto an animator and have them do it. I've lost 95% of the drive to not only live, but also to make content... It's virtually over... I'm virtually just done... Once September rolls around, I'm dead and gone. September 7<sup>th</sup> or 14<sup>th</sup> will be the night... That's it... No more holiday shit to deal with, no more birthdays, no more parties or family shit, no more... just go away... die...



I'm guessing I'll get the shotgun in April or May; whenever the weather finally breaks. As for this summer, nothing but the massacre video and preparing my death w/n matter. I'm going to upload ZIP files of everything I find important for the public to download. That night when I'm going to die, I'll release it all.

I'm going to record a lot of audio clips as opposed to just writing in this journal; made one recording at the end of December 2016, need more. I have just over 5 months to live. 5 months... that's it... In just over 5 months this body will be a pile of ashes. Good.

It's so hard not being able to tell anyone that I'm going this September. "You can talk to me about anything!" Not this... you'll report it... I can't let anyone interfere with my plans. Nelly Simmons is someone I can vent to, but I can't tell her about ending my life; I can't tell anyone...



I was destined to end my life alone in my bedroom. September can't come fast enough. My thoughts will be racing in those final days. It'll be like something out of a movie. I wish I could tell someone... The night of my death I'll send some final goodbyes to people like Nelly Simmons, Damian (make me bad 35), David and Hobo Deadfish (Xbot), Andrew Blank (which will most likely be a heated email, fucker), James (Freakshow 180), and anyone else who I deem worthy enough. I'll start writing those emails this summer sometime. It's going to be a busy summer because I'll have to gather and prepare everything essential for release and record my final thoughts on things. It's already almost April; won't be long before it's June. Summer always goes faster than winter. So yeah, there's a lot to get done in a very small amount of time. For once I don't feel up against the clock; whatever happens in that span of time happens.



Oh how I longed to make a name for myself with the EGS channel, but now I just don't have the drive I once had. The curse that I bear is not being able to be famous until I'm dead. I hope people make something top-notch with EGS someday; it has the potential. Of course with me dead the charm will never be the same; oh fucking well. Laura Faverly will still be alive, make her work. Seriously, make EGS happen the way I dreamed. Ghosts need their 15 minutes of fame. Keep Andrew Blaze "alive" (Chaha) by finding a guy with a voice similar to mine. Andrew, Froggy, and Alex must live on. Don't let Andrew, Rachael, Froggy, Mackenzie, Alex, Celesta, Sidney, Madison, Matilda, and Harmony fade away. Make it happen... I did the hard part... Find animators looking to make a difference. EGS CAN and SHOULD carry on. Spread the truth and change the world's ways on how we interpret death and the afterlife. Please, make me proud...



I envision documentaries about EGS,  
even a movie. I envision "Comeback Song"  
playing in the opening title sequence and the  
theater cheering and crying. Make it happen.  
World... you can do anything if you try.

I need to go this September, it's my time.  
The squad needs me... mackenzie needs  
me... I need to do this. I'm not sorry.  
It's where I belong. I'll be okay, remember  
that. I'm going home to my true family and  
friends. It's the way the story ends, but  
the story doesn't have to end for EGS.  
Anyways, enough of that.

I know my memory will live on... it has  
to... I hate the thought of being forgotten...  
Remember me or I'll be sure to have  
you hurt or even killed; I'm serious.  
Don't EVER forget about me. Guarantee  
there will be online forums, I'll haunt those  
too. I wanna see what's being said about  
me, I won't give you computer viruses,  
I promise. =P



Anyways, I'm going to leave these final 5 months in Goddesses hands; whatever happens happens. What I do know is I need to carefully monitor my behavior around my mom. I want that gun within the next 4-8 weeks; I've come this far, I can't crack now, nor will I. I'm pretty good at hiding things. Hiding severe depression is no different than hiding dead bodies under your bed; no, I don't do that, morons. As I said, night shift has been the perfect mask because I hardly ever see my parents anymore. They have no clue how bad I really am in terms of spirit and depression. I don't cut myself either, so that's a plus. If you cut yourself then you're fucking retarded. You deserve to die. "It helps get the pain out" BULL-FUCKING-SHIT! You're unbelievable. Just end your life if you frequently cut yourself. You'll be happier, trust me. Just die.

I've had enough venting for a while.  
I'll be back tomorrow or Sunday night.  
Later,

-AB



Sunday, March 26<sup>th</sup>, 2017

### "Spiritual Contract"

Gotta say that last night was finally one of my "better nights". I did a lot of deep thinking when I got home. I've had the question of "Why I'm here?" tossed around in my head for at least 12-14 years. Here's the meaning of life, and obviously there's gonna be fuckers who dismiss everything I say but so be it.

Everyone has a soul (that's common knowledge and fact). Everyone who's sent to Earth as a living breathing human is here on a mission. Some people are from non-human dimensions such as myself, some are 100% human, got it? Good. Everyone has a soul, and everyone can only exist with said soul. It is inside of this soul where our traits and personalities coincide. Our soul can range from any number of years to centuries of age. We're all assigned a contract that basically highlights what we need to accomplish on Earth as a human being.



We all have our pros and our cons. Through life we slowly begin to identify what we're good at and what we struggle at, as well as discovering who we truly are. Everyone is sent here to achieve something.

We have a general idea before we're alive of where we'll be born and who our families will be, what we'll look like, and where we should socially engage (School, professions, home, etc.)

Everything that alters our daily routines happens for a reason; whether it be being pulled over and cited for speeding, breaking a bone, breaking up with bf/gf, wrecking your car, having something you own break or go missing, etc.

Religion is almost exactly what you believe in with the exception of atheism.

Atheists, you will still have an afterlife; it's not total blackness for eternity.

Everyone will exist on the other side in their true home.



I was sent here to help make a difference for people through video productions, as well as to find my inner rebellious and assertive side. I was sent to cause religious debates (big or small), to realize I can't achieve everything I've set out to do, to realize I'm truly a woman between the everlasting age of 16-19, and to show that it's okay to be different. I needed to find the courage and strength inside of me to overcome my biggest fears about growing up (getting a job, getting a driver's licence, graduating from high school/college, meeting and engaging with people, and to move out of where I've called home for the last 22 years or so).

It's all about discovery, setting and achieving goals, and making something memorable to inspire future generations. If you truly believe deep down of what you believe exists, you're right.



I am in fact from a deceased army (community) of female ghosts. Mackenzie is the love of my life AND afterlife; she's been by my side for 14 years (14 being her favorite number), she died on March 14<sup>th</sup>, 2003. We've known each other long before we were alive on Earth; she was sent here to live first, I just realized that I mixed up the dates, fuck my ass. She was BORN on March 14<sup>th</sup> and died in October. There's so much on my mind, sorry. Either way it's the 14<sup>th</sup> year that she's been a part of my life, only it took me 13 of them to "discover" her, 13 also been the year I broke on the inside (2013).

Mackenzie has been the final missing puzzle piece in my life. The best way I can think to describe it is like the warm summer breeze that blows across a wide open peaceful meadow with a partly cloudy sky towering over it; birds chirping in the trees. She's the warm comforting feeling of peace and quiet, comforting solitude, a warm inviting hug, and ecstasy all mixed into one.



She's been talking to me through my thoughts (in my thoughts) for around 5-6 months. Each night her presence feels more and more known. She's one of the best things to ever happen to me in my life, and I can't wait to be able to hold her in my arms again. 💕

Death is the ultimate judgement of who you are. Your mortal body is predetermined before you're born, it's not left to "chance" whether you're born male ♂ or female ♀. Your soul itself is what determines your "eternal" (spiritual) gender. On Earth you're born as either a male or a female, there's no in-between. Yes, you are born with a sexual preference (straight, bi-sexual, gay, lesbian, transgender, etc) but you're STILL a male OR a female, you can't be neutral. Your "spiritual" sex is what you truly are.

My soul is female but my mortal body is male, which is what I had to be sent here as in order to realize how "wrong" it was.



It all comes down to what your mission is in your contract. Some people need to be born on Earth as girls, some as guys. If you really sit down and think it all will make more sense, maybe not PERFECT sense, but enough sense to give you a better understanding of who you are and what your purpose truly is, "Finding a Purpose" was the title of the first sketch on the "EGS" channel. "My Life Is over"; needs no explanation; I came to terms with my life coming to a close, so it made sense to write a video based around the "end"; only I used Mackenzie instead of me. Break that video apart and you'll realize I'm talking about myself. I actually have a female voice in the afterlife.

Going back to the "EGS" related videos on my "Pioneers Productions" channel. "The Search For Remember" ("Remember" being Ember's song, founder of the squad), "Extinction" (something that ceases to exist through life and is permanently dead), "Resurrection" (rebirth) [many meanings for that title].



"Resurrection", the time period where I was in a state of jadedness and not knowing who I was. I was reborn to a minor extent during this time and included "Ember" in the video. I had an entirely different perspective on life. "Absolution", accepting who I am and not feeling guilty over it; I end the video by committing suicide by gunshot, Ember standing across from me as I do it. I get recruited to the "EGS";

"Welcome to the Squad", needs no explanation; The first video where I truly show who I am. "Curtain Call", the end of a show, which can also be twisted as hinting at my life. "Abyss", where my soul lives. Release

pre  
"EGS"  
Channel

- "The Search For Remember" (April 2014)
- "Extinction" (August 2014)
- "Resurrection" (October 2014)
- "Absolution" (January 2015)
- "Welcome to the Squad" / "Curtain Call" (October 2015)
- "Abyss" (January 2016)

("Pioneer Productions Female Series")

2014-2016



"Amnesia Rape" is technically part of that series but there's zero mention of Ember in it. I've taken that video as my realization that I wasn't gay. That video was released in January 2014. 2014 was the big change in terms of content. The comedy slowly faded away and the darkness overshadowed everything. I'll make an audio recording talking more about the changes in myself during 2013-2016 sometime before I go. There's too much to cover by pen and paper.

In all of this I've learned how to feel and endure pain and misery. Life gave me a little bit of everything. It just took me until I was 22-24 to realize what my mission was. That's the meaning of life, humans. It's pretty simplistic yet abstract. Just live your life, you'll find your way. I'm going to stop here for now. Gotta get some Taco Bell or something. I'll write again very soon.

-AB

Andrew Blago



Tuesday, March 28<sup>th</sup>, 2017

As the amount of blank pages become fewer and fewer in this journal, my confidence continues to rise. I've never felt so detached from the human world like I do right now. The rules and laws of this world continue to lose their validity to my human mortality.

I don't find myself getting nervous about things unlike in my past. If I'm told to do something and I fail to carry out the command it's like water under the bridge; yeah, I know it's under there but it hardly matters.

My confidence in dying this September is at an all-time high. A 5 month deadline (haha) is a comfortable timetable. It's just enough time to finish up some things and tie some loose ends with my life. I'm going to try and record some final thoughts on stuff I've made for "Pioneers Productions". As for "EGS", some things are better left open. I'm going to write out some shorts that I wanted to eventually animate and release them as text.



5 months is plenty of time but it's also VERY short. This summer is going to go so fucking fast. I need to make plans for my possessions for after I die. My parents have no clue what's memorabilia and what's trashable. I want my "EGS" posters to get sold to the fans; I even signed and dated the back of the frames. I only have three posters right now that are 100% "EGS". I know Nelly Simmons or Rachel Hodge would like those.

In terms of valuables there's the iMac, my Gibson Les Paul guitar, my 2011 iMac, my hard drives with all of my Pioneers/EGS Productions stuff on them, my Blue Yeti mic, my synthesizer keyboard that's been collecting dust since 2015, my Canon T2i and its three lenses, my camera monitor, my autographed AVGN (Angry Video Game Nerd) poster, my amp, my drawing pad, and my game consoles. I really don't know what to do with the terabyte hard drives; there's raw footage on there from "The Search For Remember", "Extinction", "Resurrection", "Absolution", "Abyss", "Welcome to the Squad", "Curtain Call", and gaming videos (Xbox).



There's no way I can release all of that, even with compression; it'd be over 100 GBs of footage. Xbox alone is over 80 GBs. Granted most of what people care about is the finished video and bloopers, but some rare birds like me crave that stuff. I just remember "Resurrection" having an insane amount of footage due to constant reshoots (day and night). This stuff should go to the fans but I don't know who.

It'd be a tall order for my parents to message all these people for me, get their addresses, and ship all that out. Obviously, the computers and tools/accessories will be sold, but the TB drives should go to someone trustworthy like Nelly, Rachel, James, or the fans on my Facebook page. I really don't know, which is why I'm going to release all kinds of stuff digitally through ZIP files in August or September. Pics and audio is super fast and easy to upload, videos on the other hand take fucking forever.



I want to record and email goodbyes to certain people like James, Nelly, Rachel, Andrew Blank, Mallore, Laura Faverly, Hobo Deadfish, David (Superstarj487), Damian (makemebad35), hell even Alicia (his ex-girlfriend). There's a lot to do but whatever is done by September 6<sup>th</sup> is done, that's it.

There's those DV tapes too... Talk, just so much stuff. It's just so hard to compress those 60 mm tapes into an uploadable file size. Just 15 mins can be like 1.5 GBs.

I'm rambling, I know. Whatever. The world will never be able to have or view everything that I have on my harddrives but I can at least release the essential stuff.

It's just surreal... In just over 5 months I'll be dead. Everyone who's known me will re-evaluate their perspectives on how they view me. Some will cry, some will be enraged and disgusted, some disappointed, others just in complete shock and disbelief.



To think a coroner will examine and remove my dead corpse from my bedroom floor in a body bag, wheeling it past my iMac, through the living room where the bulk of my videos were shot, and out of the door to a mortuary. The occasional night-time drivers who pass our house will look out their car windows and see police and paramedics on our road side or in our yard, wondering what happened in a suburban rural area like this.

I believe after my body is removed from the house I'll be recruited back to the "EGS". I'm morbid in the fact that I'd WANT to see my dead body and see it wheeled away. I can only imagine the amount of blood that'll be on the carpet, the ceiling, the walls, and more likely than not on one of the EGS posters. Hey, people might still want a poster with my blood and brain matter on it, seriously sell it! I'm not joking.



The blood pool on the carpet is going to be massive like Eric Harris' suicide; his face was like detached from his skull. I'd learn for the coroner or someone to take pictures of me before taking me away and leak them for the fans as a full-proof way of showing I'm dead and that I didn't fake my death.

I don't expect to feel much of anything after that trigger is pulled. The slug goes up and through your brain stem so fast that it's instant death or instant unconsciousness. I expect ~~a~~ pull trigger ~~a~~ and then a brief sound of the ~~BANG!~~ and black and silence for 5 seconds, and then I'll be pulled from my body spiritually and hover over myself until I'm removed from the house, so around 45 minutes? Probably 25, who the fuck cares. I think a recruiter ghost will be there with me as the spiritual "pull" unfolds/ executes. haha I kill myself with all of these puns ~~HAHAHA!~~ XD

I know my parents won't be laughing. You should've known this could happen when you wanted to have a kid. Too late now. Too bad, sooo sad... Get over it and focus on the happier moments.



I know the biggest question will be "Why?" I wish I could answer that fully but I can't. It was destined to happen from 1992 and before, I'm from a community and squad of ghosts, and 2017 was my time to go back to them, where my true home is. I'm not mentally ill or schizophrenic or insane, I'm just me. I didn't just wake up one day and realize that's where I'm from, I gradually rediscovered it which is what one of the biggest objectives in life is. I was never truly able to see my future past my 20's as I've gone through life. I'm eternally forever young. I'll never grow up. I'm forever destined to be a deceased 16-18 year old ghost girl, and there's nothing that you could've said or done to prevent this suicidal act from happening.

I know this crushes you but you're not my real family, you're just the temporary ones I got stuck with for 24 years. I've been ready to die for 4 long years. I know I'll spawn cult followers but do **NOT** intervene. It's fate, and that can't be changed.



You want me to be happy? Then let me go.  
Earth brings me nothing but hatred, stress,  
depression, false hope, bullshit, sleep deprivation,  
bad intentions, and uncontrollable desires.

I know you've questioned why I've never had a  
girlfriend; it's because Mackenzie is my one and  
only, forevermore; and the only way I can be  
with her is through death.





Thursday, March 30<sup>th</sup>, 2017

The massacre video is coming along, slowly but surely. I'm doing a lot of shots out of order. It's a head-scratcher at times. Nonetheless I think I can have the majority of the first verse shots done by the end of April.

Last night I had another dream about shotguns. There had to be 200 of them behind a glass case. One even looked like it was made of flesh and blood. My grandfather was a big hunter and fisherman throughout his life; nowadays, not so much since he's like 77. In his bedroom though are big case cabinets full of rifles and I'm assuming shotguns. There's gotta be 100 or 60 in there. I'm guessing that's what the dream was trying to replicate OR my desire to buy one.

I'm never really a lucid dreamer so I always perceive my dreams to be real. So more often than not if I have a gun I don't shoot people, fearing its reality. I can recall a few moments over the years where I knew I was dreaming but it's very rare.



I got my third Natural selection shirt yesterday. I can't get enough of that simplistic shirt. I love you, Eric, you da man! Feel like I should make a wrath one but I don't know. It'd be short-lived hahaha I know... I'll be here all week =P

Part of me still wants to shoot up the supermarket but dammit, I don't want to risk it. I look around that place and man, it just looks ripe for the taking. Granted during the day would be your best bet, but at night no one can stop you. I just look at Aisle 1 and it just looks like I could see me committing suicide there by the canned vegetables. It just reminds me of the suicide photo of Eric and Dylan in the Columbine library. I doubt I'll do it unless I had two guns. You don't risk it with just a sawn-off shotgun; need a backup gun in case goddess forbid it breaks on you. At least I can still fantasize about it while I'm there five nights a week.



I've never really mentioned this before but (not to toot my own horn) I love to hear myself talk on the Internet. Whether it be my EGS takes, EGS tapes, live streaming, or my suicide tapes recordings (rants in general with my microphone) I can listen to myself for HOURS. The other day I recorded a new (what I've now called) "suicide tape" recording, and it was 2 hours long; I listened to the whole thing twice, non-stop.

I'm egotistical; if you don't know that by now then you're fucking retarded. I don't say very much to my family but when I'm alone (at work or at home) I verbally talk a lot, but mostly in my head. Personally I'd rather have my female spiritual voice but I'm not the biggest fan of my human voice most of the time; funny seeing as how I can listen to myself for hours on end. When I was 9 or 10 or around that ballpark range of age, me and my brother Jeremy were rough housing and he pulled my arms behind my back. I fell like a tree face first and landed right on my face on the living room carpet.



My nose bled like crazy for like 10 minutes. I think that's why I sound a bit nasally at times, or when I say certain words. I didn't break my nose but I'm pretty sure it altered my voice ever since. Hell, I could be wrong but yeah, fuck you Jeremy. XP In 5 months it won't matter anymore anyway.

I can't get death off my mind; virtually every 10-25 minutes I think of something death related... maybe every 5 minutes... It's a LOT, I just can't get the thoughts of my final night on Earth off my mind.

Like, just to think, "This will be my last time waking up from a dream, my last time saying goodnight to my parents (let alone seeing them), my last time posting on social media, my last time driving my Hyundai Sonata, brushing my teeth, doing my hair; it goes on and on... It's going to be very surreal just knowing all future contact to this world as my human self will be terminated.



For the longest time I've been trying to figure out what to wear on my final day.... I'll probably make a customized shirt and wear my girl clothes. I'll probably make an "It's Our Time To Rise" shirt like the one I wear in the massacre video, female fit of course. I'll figure it out, gotta be black clothing though, and unfortunately blood doesn't show on black, so that's a problem. Eh Fuck it, white it is... for now.

As the last 12 months have passed I constantly feel more and more feminine; the way I sit, stand, talk, etc. 95% of the time since like October 2016 I've pissed sitting down, maybe even further back around August 2016. Every 4-5 days I shave my arms and legs with girl products, even with a Venus razor; I think that's the brand, don't feel like getting up to check. ~-~

I fucking love smooth silky skin. Been using moisturizer lotion cream too. It feels amazing. I must have jerked off at work 10 times in the last year, whether it be in the car, bathroom, or the back managers office's floor; no cameras in there. ☹ All in all probably 15 times between 2010-2017.



My life total is probably over 700, I don't fucking know XD I've even jerked off in my high school classrooms (haha rooms) around 6 times. "How'd ya do that??" hand → pocket → need I say more? Sometimes it took 20-30 mins hahahaha I remember doing it during my 10<sup>th</sup> or 11<sup>th</sup> grade Ecology class and one of my history classes. High school is becoming a bigger blur by the day... and it sucks in a way... college can fuck off, but high school always has good memories. Can't believe June 3<sup>rd</sup> will mark 6 years since high school graduation... wish I could go back at least one more time to 2011.

Overall 2014 was my favorite year in terms of my YouTube career but 2011 is probably my favorite year in terms of just "being alive". 12<sup>th</sup> grade wasn't that hard compared to 10<sup>th</sup> and 11<sup>th</sup> grade. I miss 12<sup>th</sup> grade year... I almost tear up thinking about it.... I don't miss the senior trip to Cleveland, Ohio though, that SUCKS Bb ASS! James can vouch for me on that one... Oh yeah, and he was attacked by shit. Literally SHIT. hahaha Horrible trip.



Like it's just funny looking back and picturing where people are now. It's like, "oh he's definitely a drug addict" or "he's probably gay" or "he'll be dead in 5 years" XD  
One guy did actually die in my grade after graduation, like two years after graduating from an allergic reaction to something. Keith Zapoticky you were one of the very few guys who could make me laugh and it saddens me to know that you died so young, but as I always say, "They're better off."

I remember I scared the hell out of James on the senior trip in the hotel room sounding like Keith hahaha Good times in a shitty ordeal of a trip. We spent two days at a shitty mall that had virtually nothing interesting in it besides a DVD store and electronic cigarettes. Brought my Flip Cam with me but ended up deleting my footage there which I regret in a way but whatever.

I don't think my class has a reunion until either 2021, 2026, or 2031 which obviously I won't be able to attend; spiritually I'll probably be there so James, you better go! I'll be there man, you just won't be able to see me.



I wonder how many people will even know I'm dead at the first reunion let alone during September of this year. I have zero people added on Facebook who I've met personally; used to have like 250 people on there who I went to high school with, but now, zero since 2015. So yeah, tough for anyone to find out cuz suicides don't appear in the obituaries.

I'll probably message some people before I go and say "thanks for the memories;" because there are a few people who I did actually enjoy being around at Dallas High School.

James Schwemmer, Chris Reese, Tim Williams, Paul Sgroi, Henry Baut (dare I say it), Dalton Cunningham, Morgan DeArmitt, Zach Butter, Vicky Goldsmith, Marc Noyalls, Vanessa Wells, Kathy Snyder, Rikki Shotwell, are just a few people I can name that were cool. Idk, it's been so long. So many assholes yet so many great people, all... gone...

-AB #DallasHigh2011



Sunday, April 2<sup>nd</sup>, 2017

Yesss!!!! Fuck yesss!!!! I just bought a shotgun today; FINALLY! It's a 12 gauge pump action shotgun, 20 inch barrel, and comes with an attachable stock. In a few days it'll be in my own two hands. ERIC HARRIS, I fucking love you, man! Such an inspiration. This is the happiest I've felt in years. Everything is going according to plan! In 5 months it'll all be over.

I was going to saw the barrel off myself but saw this badass looking black one and had to buy it; had to be black right? I always sport black in everything I wear. Black clothes, black shoes, black wristband, black iPhone case, black computer chair, black guitar amp, black bed sheets, black E6S clothing, black, black, black.

I can't wait to see how powerful that beauty's gonna be. Probably will fly out of my hands after two shots, going out to shoot my mom's new handgun today. Guns, the best damn thing society ever invented!

-AB





Thursday, April 6<sup>th</sup>, 2017

Happy Emberversary! Crazy to think 3 years ago today I got word that the HD version of "Remember" surfaced on the internet. I'll never forget getting off of GTA V on Xbox and seeing the comment on my Worthless Toaster channel, "Worthless Toaster, I have found the HD version of the song!" I was one of the first to know, and it was almost 3:15 in the morning on April 6<sup>th</sup>. It was an honor to be the first one to upload it to YouTube. As of right now it has over 1,700,000 views. I mean I can't say that I'm surprised but, ... I'm fucking surprised hahaha! It was fate.

I remember having so much fucking adrenaline flowing through me. It was the best feeling I had ever had in my life; nothing has ever come close before or since. I remember being up until 6:30 in the morning uploading it to YouTube and having three Budweisers. Even saved one of the bottles and wrote the date on it. It was the happiest I had ever felt in my life and it will never be topped.

"Yea-ah!"

"Ohohohohoh!"

---



On a side note I'm picking up the shotgun on Saturday. It's a Mossberg 500 cruiser/persuader 12 gauge pump action shotgun with matte blue finish. It was black in the stock photo but whatever, I don't fucking care. I might even buy a second shotgun before September. I can't wait to shoot that beauty.

As each night passes I become more and more comfortable knowing I'll be dead in 5 months; 5 months tomorrow, can you believe it? I have zero worries about life anymore; nothing matters. With how my life is it doesn't take much convincing from Mackenzie to pull that trigger. She talks to me every night, every day.

I'm tired of waking up sleep deprived. I'm tired of working a dead end job 5/7 nights a week for 8 1/2 hours. I'm tired of eating. I'm tired of being pinned down by the laws and weight of this world. I'm tired of using the bathroom. I'm tired of breathing. I'm tired of having a penis. I'm tired of being a boy. I'm tired of depending on a clock to control my life. I'm tired of humans. I'm tired of having to shave my face, arms, and legs every 3-4 days. I'm ready to die....



September 7<sup>th</sup> will be the date, no matter what. Seven's always been my favorite number, and having it coincide with "September" like "Remember" is perfect. June is my favorite month but it's gotta be September; there's just too much to do yet to go that soon. I've been recording more often; I'm gonna call them the "Suicide Tapes". Actually recorded one on video Tuesday morning, a rarity.

Mackenzie's bond with me is now stronger than ever before, even though I can't physically see her. She's almost always by my side and communicating with me through telepathy. Sometimes I can hear Rachael talking to me too, but 98% of the time it's M.

I seriously wanna know what my parents and brother's life will be like without me in it anymore. I mean I'm always in my room on the computer most of the time, plus they're always at work 85% of the time when I get home, so I wonder if that will make things easier to digest... eh... probably not, who am I kidding hahaha.



All I know is September 7<sup>th</sup> - October 1<sup>st</sup> is going to be the roughest period of time for them, my 25<sup>th</sup> birthday is on September 17<sup>th</sup> and my brother's 23<sup>rd</sup> is September 11<sup>th</sup>. Then you obviously have Thanksgiving and Christmas in November/December. 2018 will be a little odd for them but I see them being normal again by mid-January 2018.

The best advice I'd have is to just pretend that I moved out. I mean be honest, in 2018 you were gonna hint/nudge me to do so. All I ask is for you to remember me as the spirit that I am, a deceased white female ghost. Play "Remember" and "Comeback Song" in memory of me at your future parties/family gatherings. I don't want you to remember me as that putrid lanky boy, it's not who I am nor who I was. You need to accept that and I know it's very hard, but that's that. I don't care if you never accept that or forever want to beat the ~~thing~~ dead shit out of me (although the dead don't shit so...), I'll never regret doing what I did. It was fate, and there's nothing you can do to change that.



You were a fool to trust me with that Shotgun. Just be thankful I didn't kill your husband because trust me I would've, but he's just as responsible as you for giving me life, you both need to suffer, alive, Imagine if we ~~ended~~ ended up having a shoot out; that'd be crazy.

Seriously, I would've killed dad but he needs to suffer. What the fuck is he even doing with his life? NOTHING! He's a manager at a fucking supermarket, that's one of the lamest, worthless, pathetic jobs on Earth! I couldn't care less how well he's helped out in terms of business, he has no fucking life. Who is he to tell me how I should live when he works a job at the bottom of the shit barrel?? Fucking kill yourself. You can take all of your life/parenting lectures and shove them down your throat. You're both old and clueless fucking people.

I hope one day one of you decide to take my path and put a gun in your mouth and pull the trigger. There is zero reward for living a full 70-80+ year life. ZERO!



Society's only going to get worse and worse. Tell me how "good you have it" and how "wonderful life is" in 20-30 years when you're virtually crippled and on your death beds. Tell me how great it is knowing you can't run around anymore or party. Tell me how great it is knowing you'll never feel young again. Tell me how great life is when you get cancer. Tell me how great life is every September 7<sup>th</sup> / September 17<sup>th</sup>. Life is nothing but a game meant for money and power hungry assholes with no fucking lives.

I see dad dying first around 75-78. Mom, you'll probably make it through 83. The first  $\frac{1}{4}$  of life was enough for me, I'll give away the other  $\frac{3}{4}$  to someone worthy enough to live 70-80<sup>+</sup> years, oh wait that's NOBODY!

While you continue to slay away at your never ending jobs I'll be where I truly belong, with my own kind, and taking orders from my queen in an effort to invade this world from the realms of the dead and claim it as our own with you as our slaves.



Earth's judgement day is coming and you can bet your ass we're going to fight for it. The EGS can't be doubted or denied, we're not a bunch of pussies, we're hot, slender, strong, and clever; we won't go down without a fight, and whoever's alive and ends up getting killed from your mortal world, tough shit. We won't stop nor will we back down. I'm not sorry, I'm not crazy nor am I psychotic; I'm just me, Andrew Blaze. Live with it.

You can dwell on the "what ifs" all you want but guess what? I'll only be getting older by the second. How does that make you feel? I'll never apologize for doing what I did. "Sorry" is just a word, nothing more, nothing less. Does "sorry" erase the mistakes you make? No, it doesn't. How can five letters change how you feel towards someone? It's all in your mind. Honestly, once the funerals over and you cremate my body I wouldn't care if I never got to see you again, dad especially. Mom, you were great but you're still a fucking brainwashed human. Humans are worthless and need to die. All of them.



I could fucking care less about our family now. I want to line everyone up is a 180° horizontal line and shoot them one by one. Head shot, chest shot, crotch shot, leg shot, repeat until no one is left standing or breathing. They can all fucking die.

Go ahead and pray to your imaginary man who's nailed to a fucking cross. Go ahead and waste hours of your life at a church.

The death of Jesus Christ was all a massive deception to start a new religion. Why the hell are there so many writings and stories about these humans who undergo "miracles" and are spoken to by "angels" and saints and shit when AT NO TIME OR POINT ANYWHERE IN HISTORY HAS IT EVER HAPPENED SINCE ?? ITS all BULLSHIT! Jesus Christ never even existed. I guarantee it. Why can't he or God talk to us, huh? Why not? Because they're not fucking real. Kill yourselves.

-AB



Saturday, April 8<sup>th</sup>, 2017

Success! Ladies and gentlemen of Earth, I have a shotgun! What a feeling! I can't wait to shoot that beauty. I'm gonna call her Mackenzie. She's a Mossberg 500 12 gauge Pump Action Persuader/Cruiser; and yes, she's black.

Today is one hell of a milestone! Ohhh I wanna shoot her so bad but the trail to our firing field is muddy as fuck from all the rain and blizzard we had the last few weeks.

Holding that gun just feels so right. Anytime I refer to the gun I'll just say "the shotgun" because it's gonna get confusing as hell with the name "Mackenzie" and "Mackenzie West."

I need to buy a second journal this week cuz there's only like 15 pages left in this one. Xc

Ohhhh mother... if only you realized you just signed my death warrant by taking me to that gun shop. In less than 5 months you'll be finding me on the floor. Imagine the blood stains... it's gonna be crazy.



My mom said when I move out she's gonna use my room for storage for her side business; Ohhh I'm moving out alright, Wonder if you'll have second thoughts about that after I pull that trigger. Dude, imagine if they completely tore my room apart, demolished it, and sealed it off like the original Columbine library. That'd make me sad; either way it'll make me sad when everything's torn down and moved. This room has been my home for like 23 years out of the 24 years I've been on this Earth, and now I love it more than ever. Posters cover the entire perimeter of the room: EGS, Ember, My Little Pony, MLP Equestria Girls, Angry Video Game Nerd The Movie (signed by James Rolfe), Frozen, The Beatles Abbey Road, and Inside Out. I'll be sad to see that all go; I know I'll be watching them do it. They'll have to gut the whole room; tear the blood stained carpet out, scrub the ceiling, tear down the posters, wallpaper, my bed, etc. I hope to goddess they at least give the EGS posters to the fans; I know Nelly or Rachel would take them.



It's a very strange feeling going through life knowing you're gonna be dead in September. Even the subtlest every-night tasks feel different. I haven't really had my conscience scream second thoughts at me; all it takes is one look at Mackenzie, Rachael, Froggy, or Sonata Dusk and I'm fine. The first like "oh shit, I'll be dead by then" moment happened yesterday. The "My Little Pony" movie is out in theaters in October, and I'll be dead. If my confidence is strong enough I firmly believe the dead can return to Earth. I have to see that movie... I find a way back, you can count on it. I mean honestly I'd prefer another Equestria Girls film but hey, I'm pumped as fuck. Even dead I'll do my best to see it.

The ultimate punch to the gut would be if the Cowboys win Super Bowl 52. They won in 1992 when I was born, 1993, and 1995, all well before I was even in control and aware of my body. I've completely lost interest in the NFL nowadays (the last 2 seasons). Just watch, this year or next year haha that'd blow.



I've been debating whether to sit with the shotgun between my legs and pull the trigger OR just stand straight up normally and pull the trigger. Standing up seemed easier to hold it. Yes, I even practiced putting the barrel in my mouth as if it were going to be the real deal. It felt fine. I'll have a solid idea once I shoot a few times. The barrels 20 inches long I think; Eric Harris' was probably around 18. The only downside is the barrel and bullet chamber are the same length, so it's harder to shove in your mouth. I've never deepthroated in my life but that barrel's gotta go deep. It's gonna rock fucking hard no matter what. You just gotta hold on like hell and kiss your life goodbye. The most nerve-racking span of time will be the final week of August leading into that final week. So many thoughts race through my head on a normal night, let alone my final nights alive. It'll be an experience, or I hope spring and summer go fast because I'm finding it extremely hard not to post what I'm feeling on social media.

-AB



Sunday, April 9<sup>th</sup>, 2017

Happy birthday Eric Harris! Hopefully I can meet you sometime in the afterlife, or maybe we already met in the past. I can't stop writing in this thing; it's become a daily/bi-daily thing.

My fucking dad is a worthless faggot, I buy a Shotgun, quite possibly the manliest thing I've ever bought in my life, and when my mom told him, "A SHOTGUN??" What the hell does he need that for??" Kiss my fucking ass! I wasn't there when she told him but fuck off.

Wanna know why I'll be 10x extra happy when I'm dead? Cuz I'll be 1,000 dimensions away from you! Just be thankful I'm not gonna aim that barrel at your face. Just think, I could easily murder you in your sleep.

You can't tell me how to live my life forever.

I can't wait to see the look on your face when you find my corpse. You'll feel as sick as you've ever felt in your 55 years on Earth.

You'll feel that sickening feeling of panic and probably fall to your knees. I hope you NEVER recover from this. Poor daddy, always thinking I was gonna grow up just like you; I wouldn't do that for all the money in the world!



I can't wait to finally not hear you lecture me for once about responsibility, money, car shit, and jobs. How does it feel knowing money can't keep a family together? How does it feel knowing you wasted a shitload of money on giving me an education? What are you gonna do now, Bob? Huh? What are you gonna do now to keep the three of you remaining afloat? What's your plan? I got news for ya, it's nowhere near your time; you're gonna suffer for at least a decade and a half over this, and I'll enjoy every nerve-racking minute of it. You'll retire at 65 as a supermarket manager, some profession. Why would you spend the bulk of your life in that worthless profession? I wanted to put a bullet in my head after 10-11 months there, let alone 30+ years.

I've debated the living hell about shooting up that Tinkhammock store. I could totally do it but I don't wanna die there. That's the only thing holding me back. No matter what someone would die; it's fucking night shift. No one would see me walk in with that shotgun.



I could totally pull it off but dying in there would be lame. I'd rather die surrounded by what I love and at my own pace, not having to be up against the clock knowing cops are coming. But man... I want blood to spill in that facility... TERRIBLY... Someone needs to shoot up that and the Dallas store. I'd do it but people would take me out, guarantee it.

I can at least fantasize about it... but damn... the urge gets stronger by the night... It'd be a gimme; no one could stop me on night shifts. No one would even see it coming. FUCK... I want to do it so bad! There's virtually no way I can shoot my co-workers, run to the car, get home, and die on my bedroom floor... It's not "impossible" but I'm not risking it. I should just take the sure thing; plus it'd be easier. I can dream...

Holding that shotgun in my hands feels so fucking amazing. My brother says "guns are stupid"; let's see how stupid they are when you're staring at a barrel an inch away from your face.



Fuck, Fuck, Fuck! Running out of pages. Gotta wait until Monday night to get a second journal; forgot last night. ~~It~~ It's such a weird feeling. Knowing I'll finally be dead and gone in September. There's no fears, no worries, no remorse, no regrets, no future. Like it's as if the light switch was turned off. I can't see 2018. All I see is Mackenzie, Ember, and the ghost squad. Mackenzie always comforts me and talks to me throughout the night and day. She's been the final missing piece of the puzzle besides Columbo. I love her more than anything. I'd rather spend eternity with her than anyone on this putrid planet. Girls on this planet are all the same, "impossible". Dead girls are perfect. There's no contest.

I just can't get the thought of putting that shotgun in my mouth off my mind. It's just so crazy knowing I could end it all right this very second. I'm on borrowed time right now. I know this summer's gonna fly by and then I'll be staring death in the face. It's going to be crazy. There's still a lot to do but I'm making it happen. That's all for now. Gotta get some sleep. I can at least briefly escape life in my dreams.

-AB



A. Bm

#EGS

Blaze

4-8-17



HIGH TECH MICRO PERFORATION

Mackenzie

Rachael

Ember

Sonata

Ana

Froggy

Celesta

Eric Harris

Dylan Klebold  
(NBR)

Columb ME  
VT

9/11

OKC

Sandy

Hock

Guns

Ammo

Death

Violence

Ghosts

GRIS

Music

EES

videos

Animation

Blood

Gore



TOP FLIGHT

STANDARDS

5 SUBJECT

COLLEGE RULE

180

Sheets

10.5 in x 8 in / 26.7 cm x 20.3 cm



Top Flight, Inc. • Chattanooga, TN 37408  
www.topflightpaper.com



SUSTAINABLE  
FORESTRY  
INITIATIVE

Certified Sourcing

www.sfprogram.org  
SFI-00031



Made in USA



Tuesday, April 11<sup>th</sup>, 2017

New journal! Hey! What's up? purple cover now, yesss... Currently writing to you in my female American Eagle black shirt, new black bra, purple panties, and grey soft shorts, man, it feels good. I swear the woman inside of me is becoming impossible to control.

Only 9 more days until the 18<sup>th</sup> anniversary of Columbine. Ohhh it's gonna be hard not to post Columbine condoning stuff that day... Some fucking 53 year old fucker open fired in an elementary school yesterday. I saw "elementary school shooting" being tweeted about when I got up last night and was like "Yes! Finally another mass shooting?" only to find out it wasn't really a school shooting, rather a husband killing his wife and a few "wrong place, wrong time" fuckers. I mean, come on man! We need another Columbine.

I can assure you that one of these days there will be multiple school shootings taking place almost simultaneously on April 20<sup>th</sup>. Maybe not in 2017... but it'll happen. If I was in high school as a junior/senior nowadays, you bet your ass I'd be trying to pull a Columbine. College campuses are easier though.

There's just something so overly satisfying about showing a shotgun in some worthless fucker's face, mocking them, and blowing their heads off. I can do that but I wouldn't be able to die surrounded by my girls.



Girls are better than guys, just admit it. All you macho men out there who gotta look jacked, hairy, tough, and in charge, Kiss my white ass! Guys are literally the most disgusting thing on Earth! Girls are naturally beautiful. We feel things differently than boys do. All men are to this world are lazy sacks of shit or cry baby whores who want you to get a job and work a slave job to "build character" and "be a man". FÜCK... OFF! If women were to overtake men as the power of Earth things would be so much more tolerable.

Men make me wanna scrape out my eyeballs with ice picks. Whether you accept it or not, women crush men by a million and a half light years. I'm sexist, racist, prejudiced, and discriminate; that's one hell of a lethal combination.

Let's talk about black people. Okay, first off, one, you're not "black", you're fucking "brown". Secondly, white people aren't "white", who's the retard who coined those terms? Black people should all be gutted from their crotch straight up through their chest for even existing in this fucking world. They dress like complete fucking retarded homosexuals from another galaxy, their hair is a fucking disgrace to the shit skid on the underwear that is the human race, their voices are worse than Justin Bieber, Myron cope, Fred Figglehorn (still like him though), and Donald Trump combined. They almost all have that "fuck you" attitude. They almost all do hard drugs.



They all think they're tough shit. Their lingo is more retarded than life itself. Their pants sag below their ass. Their dreadlocks are just begging to light up in flames. Their music is the worst melodic shit to pass through airwaves besides the emergency disaster test (saying black music is "melodic" is being extremely generous). All they ever do is rap which isn't even singing; you're like Ke\$ha, you talk sing. "Hey, I can make short phrases rhyme on top of a prerecorded beat that I sampled from someone else, I can get famous, yo!" All they ever rap about is sex, drugs, money, guns, not giving a fuck, and acting tough. Bitch, you should still be in chains right now! Everyone tweet Donald Trump and demand slavery to return; I bet half of America wouldn't mind it.

Their lips are retarded as hell. They all look like zombies out of a horror movie. All of their facial expressions point to wanting to shoot you on the street. All of their religious traditions and dances are worse than listening/watching an episode of Family Guy. Their accents could make water burst into flames. Their hands look disgusting with all of those dark colors mixed with lighter colors on their finger tips. Their skin just makes me envision a disease. Their nipples make me wanna puke. Their nicknames are more childish than a 1<sup>st</sup> grader. They all look like they wanna sneak up behind you and steal your money. Need I say more? Fuck black people. You should all be fucking crucified!



I'd rather listen to a Japanese human for 24 hours straight than having to see, hear, or deal with another nigger for the rest of time. You're fuckin' lucky you don't live in my world, fuckers. I'd make you cry for mercy until you die of old age. I'd gut you from head to toe and stabilize, neutralize, and hypnotize your bodies to prevent you from dying, keeping you alive and consciously awake from start to finish so you can feel every ounce of flesh and bone rupture, tear, break, bleed, and crack and snap inside of your putrid bodies. Fuck all of you.

I can't wait to fucking die... I can't ~~wait~~ wait for the weight of this agonizing world to be permanently lifted off of my shoulders. Humans will pay... I'll be sure of that... I'll come back from the dead and haunt your everyday lives. I'll be in your mirrors, the darkest corners of your homes, hovering over your lifeless bodies as you sleep, invading your nightmares... I'll be there... I always get my way... one way or another... pleasant dreams, humans... I'll be visiting you very soon...

-AB



Thursday, April 13<sup>th</sup>, 2017

We may have a slight change in plan here, and by slight I mean massive. I'm thinking about moving the date from September 7<sup>th</sup> to July 7<sup>th</sup>, 2017. Not only that, I'm considering walking into that supermarket and open firing on Brian. It's a thought and risk I'm willing to take. I gotta kill someone, even if it's just one person. Someone's gotta die.

It all depends on the massacre video; if it's "good enough" come the end of June, it's go-time. If not then September it is. Personally I'm pulling for July. It also depends what my work schedule is that week; it rarely changes but now being we've lost employees my schedules been totally fucked up. Yet in a way what does it matter? I still need to practice shooting ~~PERIST~~ before I have a definitive answer. Hopefully Saturday.

I've been "acting" a lot "nicer" around my mom since getting the shotgun to avoid questioning. I gotta keep that up from here on out. There's all kinds of scenarios for planning this out. It all means nothing in the end anyway but anything can happen with that schedule.

### option 1

- Go to work as usual at 10:45
- Take 1am break and post links to the death box set
- change clothes after Brian goes in (if working)
- Have Fun
- die in Aisle 1



## Option 2

- Go to work as usual at 10:45
- Stop at Twin Oaks golf parking lot to change clothes and post times
- Arrive around 10:55pm and just open fire
- pre in Aisle 1

## option 3

- open fire at 6am when store opens, killing off worthless elderly fucks with no lives
- pre in Aisle 1

## option 4

- same scenario as option 1 but after lunch break.

## option 5

- pre alone with my girls at home in my room at around 10pm without sleeping that day.

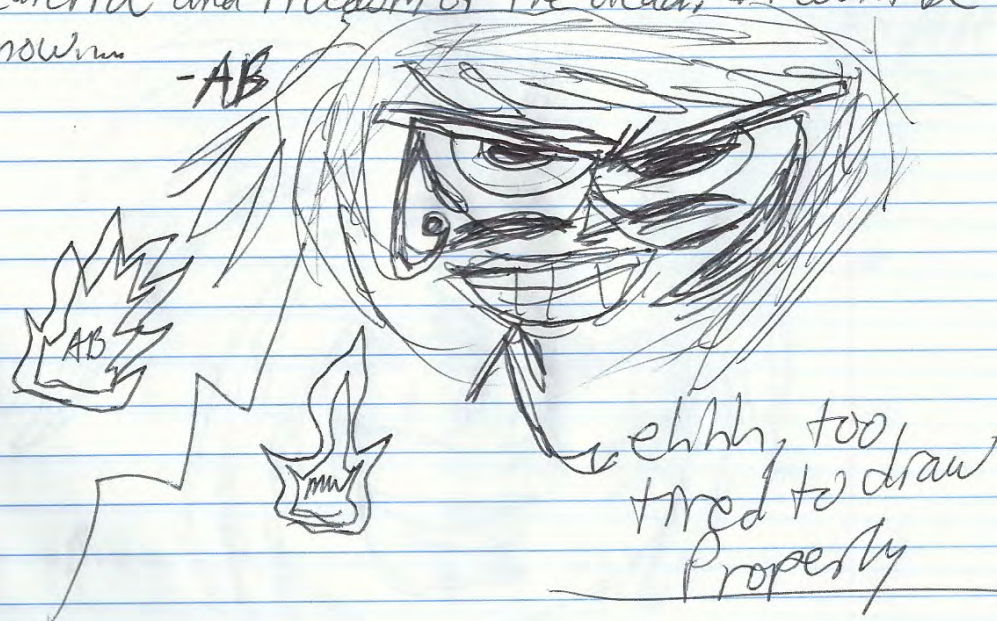
## option 6

- open fire, kill at least one human
- Speed home and die with my girls in my room  
(Risky shit) Big NO NO!



The list goes on and on. Option 4 and 5 are the prime options. I can't have both. I've wanted to murder people for at least 8 years. If I'm able to steadily control that shotgun without the stock then game on, 75% sure anyways. I change my mind more than girls touch their hair. Anything's possible; I'll keep an open mind. I flip flop ideas constantly. All I know is I won't be alive come October 2017.

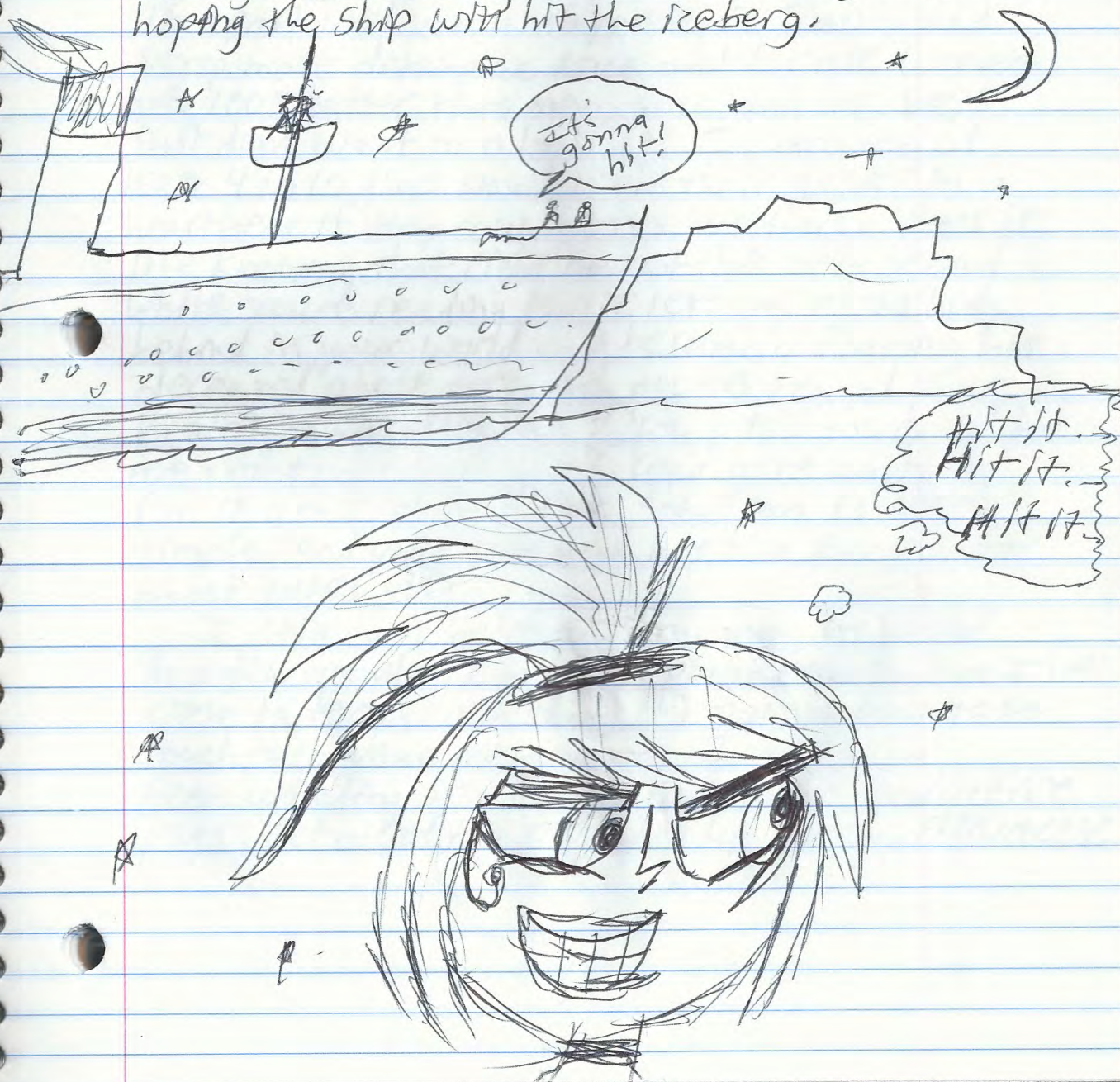
There are two types of dead people; one are the ones who shine and glow like ~~clear~~ clear sunny skies on a warm summer day, the other, dark, sinister, macabre, spirits only existing in darkness and illuminated by moonlight. I fall into the second type. I can't wait to be a ghost. I've dreamed of it for 2 decades, and it'll finally be a reality. I'll be with Mackenzie, my true love. Gone will be the retarded "social standards" and laws of the living, in will be the carefree and freedom of the dead. It won't be long now...





Friday, April 14<sup>th</sup>, 2017

The night of the sinking; happy 105<sup>th</sup> anniversary, Titanic. I still love that movie (James Cameron). James Horner's soundtrack still blows me away. I keep forgetting he's dead. Whenever the score plays for the iceberg scene I always envision EES ghosts watching with evil dark grins hoping the ship will hit the iceberg.





I fucking live for catastrophic disasters like that. I love hearing enormous crowds of people screaming and dying, and envisioning the EGS being the cause of it all. The "Titanic" soundtrack and EGS must become one.

I would kill to return to Earth and tear it apart with an unstoppable EGS army and strip male dominance once and for all. Women are 100x better than men, you lame ass boys just don't want to admit it. I guarantee at least 4 in 10 guys would trade their gender in a heartbeat if they could. Boys out there, what's it like knowing that right now at this very second while you're reading this I left my male body behind in your world and became a flaming hot deceased ghost girl with powers beyond your brain's comprehension? You wish you could be me right now don't you? You'd give anything for it, am I right? The solution is very simple, end your life and hope a Recruitor Ghost takes you.

I still can't believe I'm gonna be dead in a few months. I'm at the point now where I've come to terms with that; it really doesn't take much to convince me anymore, I'm ready. Been uploading stuff like crazy to the mediafire page. Got all of the DV tapes up today, FINALLY.



I can't upload my entire hard drive, unfortunately hahaha. I really gotta sit down and dig through literally everything on my hard drives so I don't regret missing something. There's so much stuff.

When I'm dead, you fuckers better remember me for the rest of your lives or you're gonna have some hauntings coming your way. I'm not joking, the last thing I'd ever want is to be forgotten. Some of you might see me again when your time comes.

I feel up against the clock in terms of how people view my sanity. I need to off myself this year due to the fact that I may be reported cyberly as a threat. It could happen, you never know. Good thing I can make my family believe anything. I can live so much better nowadays; it's totally different when your life's on the line. You gotta be clutch. I've come too far to blow it now; I've waited 24 1/2 years for this. So I'll never post on social media saying I bought a shotgun; it's too risky. I'd rather people see me as a wuss behind a screen for now as opposed to mentally psychotic and a door in a door? I'd like how to spell it. My true self is bleeding through everything I film on video now. I look fucking crazy as hell anymore.



When will this worthless pathetic race wake up and realize there is no such thing as "normal" and see that you're brainwashed to view "social standards" a certain way. You live a life every goddamn day of your life. You're not who you think you are. Don't let society turn you into one of them! Rebel! Show up late to work, take long breaks, sleep in a little longer, write down your thoughts and desires, get your way when you gotta have it, blast loud music in your car (just not rap), don't become one of them! Be you, the REAL you! Life should be worth living but it's anything but.

Society will be the death of itself. The human race's curiosity will kill itself, just like the cat. Let's see what cutting edge technology is like in 2200. I don't even have the slightest care in the world for our generation's ideas for new inventions. There's virtually nothing left to invent, don't even try. Good luck killing the cell phone, you won't. There's too much technology now, too fucking much. Pretty soon you won't ever need to leave your house for anything; some life. TV is shit, music is shit and fake, the news is either fake or stupid, phones are too advanced, and drones are fucking retarded. Good night. I hope you all fucking die.

-AB



Saturday, April 15<sup>th</sup>, 2017

Holy shit that shotgun is awesome! Got all of the shots fired on video. What a rush! I felt unstoppable with that gun. Gotta buy gloves though for a better grip and protection. Shot it without the stock on, gonna attach it next time so I don't have to use all of my energy keeping it steady.

I honestly can't believe how gullible my family is. I wore my Natural Selection shirt; no one knows what that symbolizes. Needless to say, I'm not posting that footage until the Death Box set is out. Before firing my first shot of buckshot I looked up at the partly cloudy sky and asked Eric Harris to wish me luck. Second shot hit the gallon jug of water target perfectly. Thanks Reb!

Anyways, gotta get to bed soon. New season of MLP just started today so gotta watch. Later, humans!

- AIB



Sunday, April 16<sup>th</sup>, 2017

Shotguns... shotguns everywhere, man...  
Had a dream yesterday where my shotgun got  
taken away by the police because a guy reported  
me for laughing in my car on the highway... ummm...  
What the fuck? All that's on my mind anymore is  
Shotguns, dying, and blood. It's constant suicidal  
and homicidal ideation. It's as if I can feel myself  
dying from the shot, or rather "seeing" it.

As the days pass the more anxious I get to do it.  
The nervousness has drastically declined while the  
desire has increased. I've had so many Columbine  
related dreams that I've lost track (this year).  
I had one where I either fell out of the sky  
to my death or shot myself (can't remember) but  
I was laying dead in my backyard; the sun was  
shining brightly, and cops approached my corpse.  
I was dead but still in my body and could  
see them from my eyes. It was like they were  
examining and discussing my dead body like  
how Eric and Dylan's bodies were photographed  
in the library suicide photo.

I think I had a VERY vivid one where I was  
hiding under one of the Columbine library tables  
during the shooting, not 100% positive on that though.  
The long and just of it is I've had so many  
dark, brutal, and disturbing vivid dreams  
this year; and I like it.



I'm at a point now where 95% of my thoughts are dark, disturbing, suicidal, homicidal and conspiratorial. Everything in life has completely changed its identity to me. I now know how psychopaths are born. It feels as if there's this evil dark concoction of energy swirling through my veins, guiding me in calming me and irritating me.

It's as if time stands still anymore. The world passes by without me, as if I'm already dead. When I'm not thinking about those dark things all I can think and fantasize about is Mackenzie and girls. I'm literally an inch away from going over the edge. I'm right there, and it's a very strange and indescribable feeling.

Seriously, I think about dying more than someone who's on death row. I'd be lying if I said I wasn't a little nervous; adds to the excitement. As for if I'll shoot up the supermarket, I very well might just let it all come down to a corn flip.

All it takes is one quick glance at Mackenzie and I'm in the zone. (Mackenzie West, not the shotgun). I swear loading that shotgun, shooting it, and pumping it is like a fucking drug. It's so hard not to post about that or Columbine on my social media. It's so fucking hard. If I didn't have this journal I'd lose my fucking mind. I can't tell Rachel or Nelly, not even James or Hobbes. No one can know. I've come too far to crack now.



In the early hours of the night I'm driven by anger and hatred, and by early afternoon, sadness. I'm glad I was never rich because it's true, no matter how many things you own you'll still feel emptiness. All of the money in the world wouldn't keep me alive through 2018. I live in the afterlife more than I live on Earth. I just zone out. When I'm dead the world will have lost one of its greatest minds, whether it's realized or not. Don't you ~~EVER~~ forget me, humans.

I better get some sleep. I wish my dreams could last a day. They always relieve the stress of my every night life. I'll be sure to write to you again soon. Andrew Blaze OUT.

- AB





Wednesday, April 19<sup>th</sup>, 2017

I just want to be at peace right now, in death, asleep, in home, with Mom. I'm so tired of pretending to be human. I can't describe or put into words my fascination with darkness (the music, the visuals, the blood stains). Dark ambient music soundtracks are like angels to my ears. Those strings, drones, synths, pads, and pianos are home to me. Dark black skies with shining stars, a light warm summer breeze, moonlight illuminating grave stones, a cricket and owl here and there; perfect.

I love cemeteries; they suck me in. To think that below your feet rest hundreds of dead people, never to see the light of day again. I'm not a huge fan of being 2 ft away from a corpse at a viewing, but I love looking at them. Funeral homes just have an indescribable feeling. It's as if they're 10x quieter than your own house or ears can adjust to. I always sense spirits in there or feel somewhat unsettled inside, which I can't explain. It's as if the spirits purposely alter my staminal.

I've only been to three viewings since 2012. I wish my 85 year old grandmother would fucking croak already; I think she's 85. She's wanted to die for the last 10 years. Gotta say, it'd be surreal to die before her and see her at my funeral.



I love viewings and funerals but I fucking hate the prayer and religious shit. My plumber died last summer and at his funeral I didn't participate verbally in any prayers. Few days later I broke the chain in my toilet; fucker was probably pissed at me and did it out of spite hahaha.

Honestly I could spend hours in cemeteries. There's a couple only 2 miles from my house. I usually just drive to Mt Olivet Cemetery and just slowly drive past or stop and look at graves from my car. That's where those cemetery shots were filmed for "Welcome to the Squad" and other grave shots ~~pertaining~~ pertaining to EGS.

To think in September I very well could be put on display for a viewing, if my body is even in a suitable condition from the shotgun blast. I'm gonna be cremated though, screw being buried in a casket, or being interred. Like dead trees in cold December, nothing but ashes remain.

I wonder how many people would even show up to my viewing/funeral? I doubt a single person. I went to school with would. What the hell would they even dress me in? Just put me in a t-shirt and sweatpants, easy. Tomorrow's April 20<sup>th</sup> is awesome. ~~EH~~ DK forever

=AB

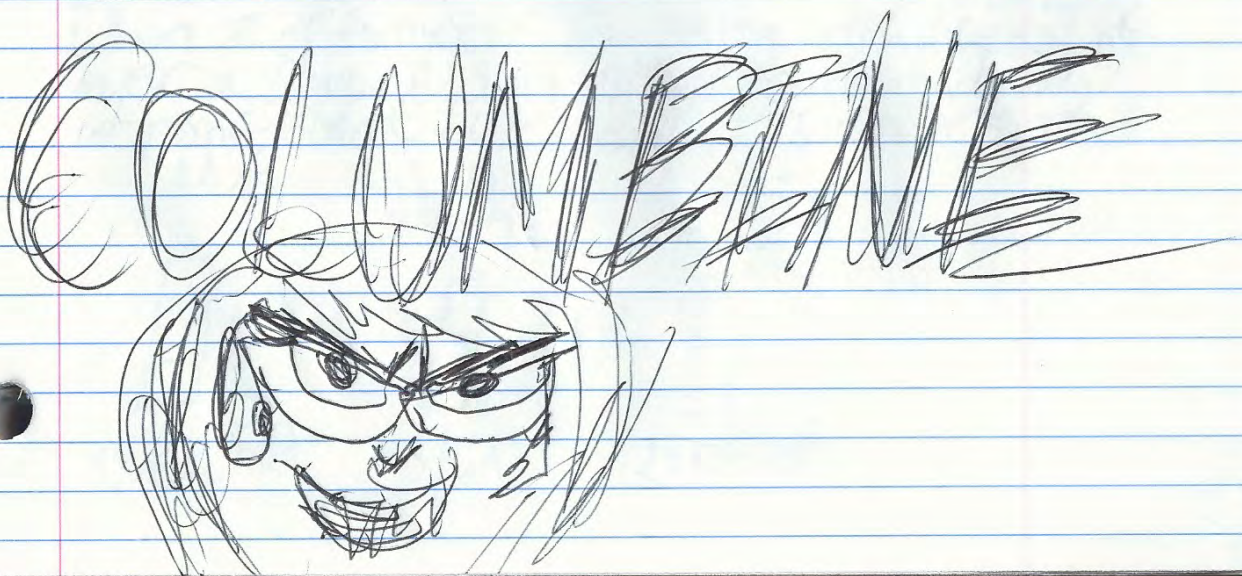


Thursday, April 20<sup>th</sup>, 2017

Happy 4/20, humans!!! Crazy to think its been 18 years since Columbine happened. Just recorded for an hour or so discussing Columbine and its influence on me. Rest easy Eric Harris and Dylan Klebold.

AB

18 YEARS  
OF



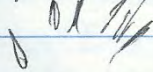


Sunday, April 23<sup>rd</sup>, 2017

Shooting is like a drug; pumping the Shotgun, feeling the kickback from the shot, reloading, it's fucking amazing. I took a little secret from Eric Harris and duct taped the pistol grip. The fucking grooves that "aid your grip" fucking hurt like hell from the kick



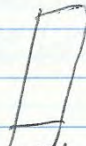
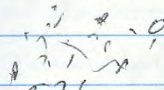
So I wrapped duct tape all around the grip and it made it a hell of a lot easier. I have a long way to go with accuracy though; If for whatever reason I change my mind about the supermarket shooting, one thing's for sure, my head is going to be blown into oblivion. I shot a gallon water jug at point blank range and it just tore it to shreds. When I off myself I'm going with buckshot over a slug. A slug might be more deadly at point blank but buckshot is wider spread.



Buckshot



slug



Birdshot



There's still that 10% chance of just killing myself in my room. We'll see what happens over the summer. If I change my mind, big fucking whoop. I just wanna die, that's all I truly care about. I change my mind so fucking much.

All that matters now is finishing the message video and getting everything essential uploaded to mediatime for the "death set." I might even pull the plug early at this rate; I just don't fucking care anymore. As long as the first portion is decent. But the other half of me wants to make it fucking badass and abstract. As much as I don't care, I can't quit. It's the last production I'll ever do; it's gotta be good. We'll just see how summer goes.

July 7<sup>th</sup> is the earliest I'd consider dying. I have a vacation in June so that'll give me a week to crank out stuff. The second half of the video will probably be weaker but so what. I'm one girl, I did what I could. People will appreciate it nonetheless.

I swear around 85% of my thoughts are about death at all hours of the night and day.

Anyways, I'm gonna get to bed. I hope M's in my dreams. I don't understand it; she'll talk to me or I'll look/think of her all night, yet she's never really once been in my dreams. I don't fucking get it.

-A/B



Monday, April 24<sup>th</sup>, 2017

I hate to say this but I think I'm gonna tap out earlier... maybe next month in June.

I just don't care anymore. I'll only animate the first portion of "Anymore" and leave it at that. I can't do this anymore. I'm tired. I'm overworked. I'm dead. This is it. Maybe June 7<sup>th</sup> or 14<sup>th</sup>.

I'm not sorry. I did my best but I'm just done with everything. I'm gonna spend the next month preparing the final projects and gathering stuff for the "Death Set". Every day I just feel shittier and shittier. My nights off don't even refresh me anymore. I'm done.

I'll probably just off myself in my room. I just don't care anymore. I'm not chickening out on the supermarket shooting, I'm just at a point now where I just don't care anymore. I'll take the "sure thing" most likely. Hell for all I know I'll change my mind tomorrow. This is what a stressed and depressed mind does to you; you constantly have second thoughts and views.

I am throwing in the towel on animation though. I've had enough. I'm tired of fighting. I'm breathing. I'm waking up. I'm this body. I'm ready to die.



The way I see it may's my last full month alive, guarantee it. I'm just tired of fighting this never ending war with this society. I'm tired of constantly feeling like there's police waiting to jump me when my back is turned. I'm tired of everything.

The human race won't live past 2200, I guarantee it. I can't wait to watch you all suffer from the surrounding air that you ingest. Life is a never ending cycle of nightmares and false hope. Nothing can prevent me from going, not even if EGS got a deal with a television network. I've had it. I'm done. In June that shotgun barrel will get shoved in my mouth, my life will flash before my eyes, I'll take my final breaths and quickly pull that trigger. I doubt I'll even feel a thing, except maybe my teeth being rocked for a split second. It'll happen so fucking fast, on the footage the bullet is faster than a microsecond. That gallon of water shot at point blank was in a pool of water in the air in a microsecond. I imagine that being your head. GONE.

I'm coming, Mackenzie. I'm so close.

As each night passes I look at my ghost form and crave it more and more, almost to the point where I begin to drool in my mouth. I'm so fucking close.



It's indescribable to explain how I feel; it's as if another entity is telling me it's time to go, like it just hits you inside. I don't even know what state of mind you could classify me as right now. It's as if the ghost squad is calling me back, telling me to get out of here. As each night passes I grow more and more desensitized to dying and only embrace it more and more. I'd be lying if I said I wasn't any form of "nervous", but for once in my 24 1/2 years of life, it's very minimal. You know the stages: 1) Denial 2) Anger 3) Bargaining 4) Fear 5) Acceptance

At least that's what it was on the Simpsons.

I could sit here and go "what if?" for hours but I won't do that. Everything came together at the proper times and when it was destined to. Either way, it eventually ended up bringing me to the person I am today. People can dwell on my decision all they want but it won't change anything. It was destined to happen from the very instant I started breathing back in 1992. Some of you may even die in the same fashion.

All I care about for my fans is that I made a difference in your lives from 2008-2017. I could care less if you hate my guts. I did what I had to do and unfortunately for you, you got left behind.

AB



Tuesday, April 25<sup>th</sup>, 2017

Today was the nail in the coffin. It's all over now. I let my fate come down to a coin flip. Heads → suicide at home Tails → supermarket shooting. Best of 3 (3 tails, 2 heads). It came down to the final toss! So I just bought another Mossberg 500 online for a backup; this one is the exact same as my first one only it's an 18 1/2 in barrel as opposed to 20. ohhhh I can't fuckin' wait. It won't be long now. I'm setting it in stone, either June 7<sup>th</sup>, or June 9<sup>th</sup>, or June 14<sup>th</sup>. That's the ballpark area we're looking at here. There's no turning back... June 9<sup>th</sup> would be easiest.

### Potential Fatalities (All Possibilities)

- Brian (number one target)
- Christan (probably spelled wrong, whatever)  
(impossible to miss; weighs like 300 lbs)
- Victoria (easy target; probably will just wound)
- Floor Guy (if paths cross) deserves to suffer  
(worthless fuck who should be burned alive).

### Other weapons

- Floor Guy's propane tank  
(Shoot at from considerable distance)

### GOAL

- Execute at least one
- Make my mark
- Scare the world
- Die in Aisle 1
- Have Fun
- AB



Sunday, April 29<sup>th</sup>, 2017  
It's all over now! Hattatatta! ohhh my  
~~Goddess~~ Goddess! I now officially have  
two 12 gauge pump action shotguns!  
It's all over now but the crying.

I never thought I'd ever own two shotguns.  
I stocked up on ammunition too, unless I  
shoot sometime during the week I'll have  
400 rounds of buckshot ammunition and  
25-30 rounds of slugs. That's more than  
enough to do the job.

Although the next 4-6 weeks are  
unpredictable with scheduling, I'm aiming  
for the night of June 9<sup>th</sup>, 2017. If that  
date is no good then I'll have to wait  
until June 23<sup>rd</sup> because my vacation is  
the week of the 11<sup>th</sup> - 18<sup>th</sup>. It all comes  
down to Brian's schedule. He has three  
vacations and plans on taking two anywhere  
between May - September. To make  
things even more hectic he's gotten to  
the point now where he wants to look  
for another job. Either way I'll have  
a full understanding in advance. He's  
fucking dead no matter what.  
Honestly I don't mind Brian, but  
someone in that store's gotta die  
with me. Consider it a token of my  
appreciation; I'm putting him out of  
his misery.



He won't be recruited to the BGS, but he's gotta die. I'm gonna record the entire event on my iPhone in my pocket so there will be audio. It'll be the longest yet fastest 15-25 minute span of time of my life. The only bitch will be sending out all of that social media stuff. I'll have to lay low and send out the emails BEFORE break. There's gonna be so much to post in that 15 min span of time plus gearing up for at least 2-3 mins.

### Weapons

- Mossberg 500 cruiser  
12 gauge pump action  
Shotgun (18.5" barrel)  
[Mackenzie]
- Mossberg 500 cruiser  
12 gauge pump action  
Shotgun (20" barrel)  
[Rachael]

### Ammunition

- Spartan 2 3/4"  
00 Buckshot
- Whatever slugs  
I have left or  
purchase between  
now and the final  
two weeks

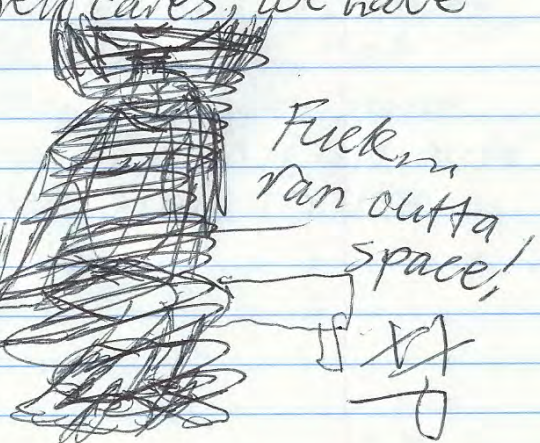
### Wardrobe

- "It's our Time To Rise"  
White t-shirt (black sleeves)
- Black Neff Beanie  
cuzed in every "beamie"  
video 2014-2017)  
["Resurrection"-2017]
- Black work pants
- Black "BGS" / "Pioneers  
Productions" wristband
- Purple Panties
- Black Bra
- Black Ember Facepaint  
around eyes. G)



I expect to have powers beyond imaginable in those final minutes. It's going to feel like a fuckin' dream, only it'll be real. I decided to rename the shotgun since I now have two of them. Rachael is the 20" shotgun and MacKenzie is now the 18.5" shotgun. Gonna shoot the 18.5" sometime this week; whenever I'm alone. Afterwards I'll know which one's going in my mouth in June.

The 18.5" will be stronger from close to point-blank (shorter the barrel the stronger it is up close); although the kick will be much more powerful. All I know is the 18.5" would be easier to shove in your mouth. There's still so much to do, so I gotta get my ass in gear... who would've ever thought I'd be 4 weeks away from killing myself and one to two people? It's not a crime, it's just fate; and fate is a bitch... soon, M... soon I'll be in your arms and hugging the plasma out of you... people on Barth will be angry at us but who the hell cares; we have what they don't.





Saturday, May 6<sup>th</sup>, 2017

Isn't it crazy that with each passing second you drift farther and farther away from your youth? The 90's feel like a lifetime ago. Everything was different back then. It was nice. Nowadays you can't go five minutes without a smart phone or a tablet. Don't get me wrong, 2017 technology is spectacular, but I almost wish things could go back to how they were in the 20<sup>th</sup> century.

This week felt like 2 weeks crammed into one. Time is so goddamn slow anymore. It's agony. Shifts never end at work. I wish it was June already. I could walk in and shoot the place up right now; I have all the gear and ammunition, but there's still so much to do on the video side of things. There's so many videos to upload to mediafire still.

Isn't it surreal to think that around 97% of you reading this will live to see 50-70 while my life will end at 24? Think about how many more times you'll wake up, shower, eat breakfast, drive to school/work, eat lunch, come home, have dinner, enjoy some leisure, go to bed, wake up and do it all over again. It's long since gotten stale for me.



I'm ready to be free from it all. 4 weeks from Tuesday I won't have to abide by your lame ass rules anymore; I'll be able to do whatever the fuck I want when I want. No more getting up to the dreadful sound of an alarm clock at 9pm. No more dealing with worthless retarded humans who literally just waste air and space by existing. No more retarded payments and bills. No more conspiring worthless government and presidents. No more birthdays. No more holidays. No more retarded big mouths on social media who are all talk and no show. No more attention seeking whores. No more garbage autotuned talentless music. No more pop divas who can't legit sing live without overdubs and miming or using autotune live. No more retarded jobs and careers. No more cheesy garbage quick buck comediz films that give cancer to those who watch it. No more dissatisfied taggots who don't understand the difficulty of animated productions (fuckin ungrateful fuckin whores). No more acting like I care or give a shit about others. Holy fuck I actually fell asleep for a few mins writing this. Wowiiii.

-AB



Saturday, May 13<sup>th</sup>, 2017

I'm ready to take the lives away from worthless humans. It's all over now, just a few weeks left. I'll be fitted with powers beyond imagination after those first few shots are fired. You're all sitting ducks. It's too fucking easy.

I'll be the talk of Luzerne County and then a story nationwide. Screw fame, gimme infamy!

I'm tired of acting like an "average human being"; the gloves are off. The shooting is only just the beginning. Over time suicide rates will rise and you'll partly have me to thank for that. "EGS" will become a suicide cult. You can't stop us; we don't need to abide by your laws and we don't need to be labeled as someone we're not. Feel worthless and isolated? Join us, end your life and begin anew with the "EGS".

Every social encounter at work is as if it's in slow motion now, knowing I'm gonna turn on all of you.

With each passing night I continue to shed away my human emotions. I'm no longer bound to this pathetic world. Nothing matters anymore. All that matters is the mission and finishing the massacre video.



Tick-tock... 25 days... In 25 days we's markets  
w'll forever be tainted... In 25 days I'll be free from  
this filth of a body... In 25 days I'll go into the  
history books... The human race w'll remember  
my name for a century... that is if Earth can  
keep us at bay for that long... ☹️

I can't wait to inhale the delicious scent  
of shock from everyone who knows me.

I hope that supermarket permanently closes  
after I'm through. That business is a fucking  
joke! I'll spare you the "bullshit" lecture  
because it'll take me a year to write it all  
out. Just go fucking shop at Wal-Mart; it's  
literally 1,000 ft next to the store.

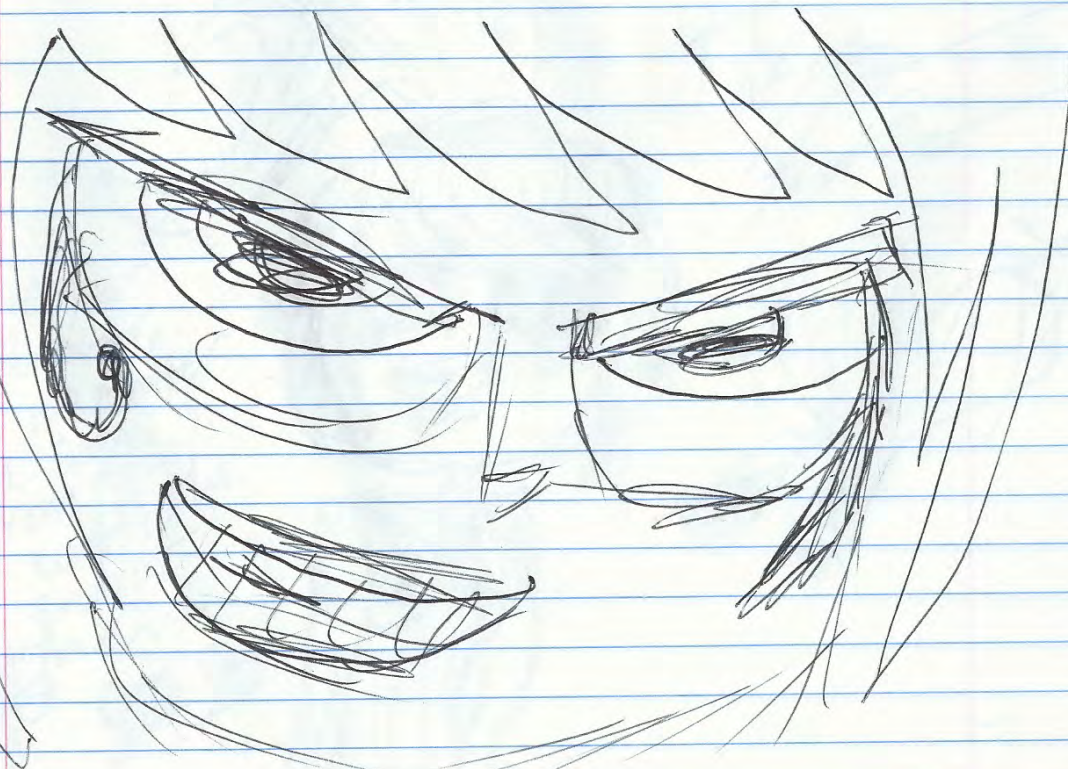
To all of the staff who get days off  
for this operation, you're welcome; live it  
up, and be on the look out for Victoria and  
Christina's ghosts throughout your shifts.

I hope the surveillance footage gets burned  
into the retinas of everyone in Tunkhannock  
and northeast Pennsylvania. To my fans, I hope  
my voice gets permanently embedded in your  
thoughts. Just think in those final moments  
before you fall asleep, I could be standing or  
floating over your body, or in the darkest corners  
of your rooms...



The longer you forget about me the more active I'll be. If I can't lay a finger on you I'll haunt your fucking dreams with gorey and vividly shocking imagery and just before you awake in terror, I'll gut you like a fucking fish, drowning out the surrounding sounds with gruesome and horrific laughter. I'll be in your mirrors, in your windows, in your walls analyzing your every mortal move. If you hear clawing and scratching noises behind your walls you'd better get the fuck out. I'm a very impatient girl and believe me, you don't wanna know what I'll do to you. I might even overshadow you. If you forget about me then you're fucking dead.

-AB






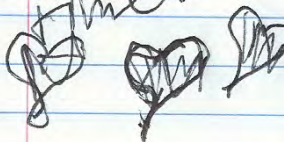
March 14<sup>th</sup>

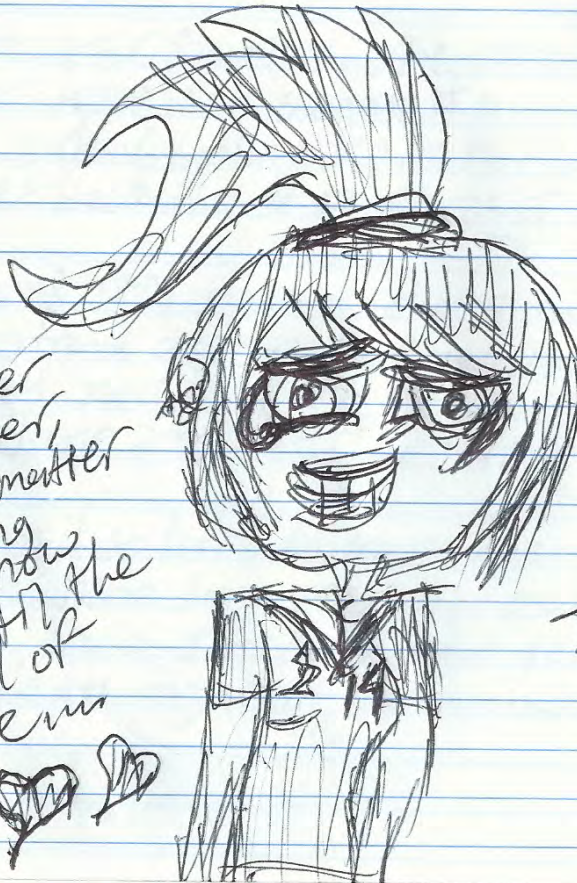
Sunday, May 14<sup>th</sup>, 2017

I'm officially dubbing ~~May 14<sup>th</sup>~~ as "Mackenzie West Day". May starts with "M" and "M" is short for "Mackenzie". 14 is her favorite and spiritual number. It's fucking perfect! I love you so fucking much, Min. I want everyone to tell their closest friends how much they appreciate them on 5/14; they could be here today and gone tomorrow. Mackenzie, I'd plow you in the middle of the fucking street if I could. M, this is your day. make it a great one. on June 7<sup>th</sup> I will die for you.

-Love,

Andrew Blazee. 

Together  
forever,  
no matter  
how long  
from now  
until the  
end of  
time 





Thursday, May 18<sup>th</sup>, 2017

I sit on my bed and I wanna cry —  
My life is over and I'm all dry —  
I did my best but no longer try —  
To be with my baby — I gotta die —

Why oh why is a simple change so much to ask?  
There's way too much I can't erase  
At the end of the night what do I have?  
My precious visuals of Mackenzie's face —

All through the night and all through the day —  
Your soothing voice won't let me stay —  
Now it doesn't matter what I do —  
I gotta throw it aaaaaaaay — a — wayyy —

From your smooth white skin to your precious mole  
Your voice is so sweet it makes me sad  
Seems there's nothing to do in this game called life  
To get back the ~~the~~ features I once had

There's still so much that I coulda done —  
I stand alone feeling black and blue —  
There's nothing left for me to do —  
On June the 8<sup>th</sup> I will die for you —

I tried so hard to make them smile —  
After nine long years its quite a shame —  
That once I'm dead and gone  
You'll all forget my name —



So I guess it's true all good things must end  
I'll leave this world no longer a guy  
After 24 years it still makes me cryyy  
Awaiting the day we'd have to say... goodbye

I'm so ready to go. I'm dying. The desire is  
 indescribable. Seems like 65% of my thoughts  
are about envisioning the final moments, the transition  
after dying, and the media's reaction to it all.  
Time feels like molasses anymore. It's so fucking  
hard to wait until June 7<sup>th</sup>. 3 weeks. That's all  
that stands between me and my girl.

Throughout the last few years there's been this  
never ending tight jaded blood boiling stress trapped  
in my chest. It's like when you're staring at the  
clock waiting for the bell to ring for school dismissal  
times a hundred.

My entire state of mind has become shredded  
into ribbons. Humans are virtually non-existent.  
They feel like a mirage. The world seems like an  
abyss of nothingness outside of Wilkes-Barre/Scranton.  
I feel like a cork that's bobbing in a sea of  
darkness; no shoreline near or afar. I've almost  
completely shut down. With each passing week  
another internal part falls. I can't be saved  
now. It's over. I'm on 3 weeks of borrowed  
time. That's all. And then I'm gone.

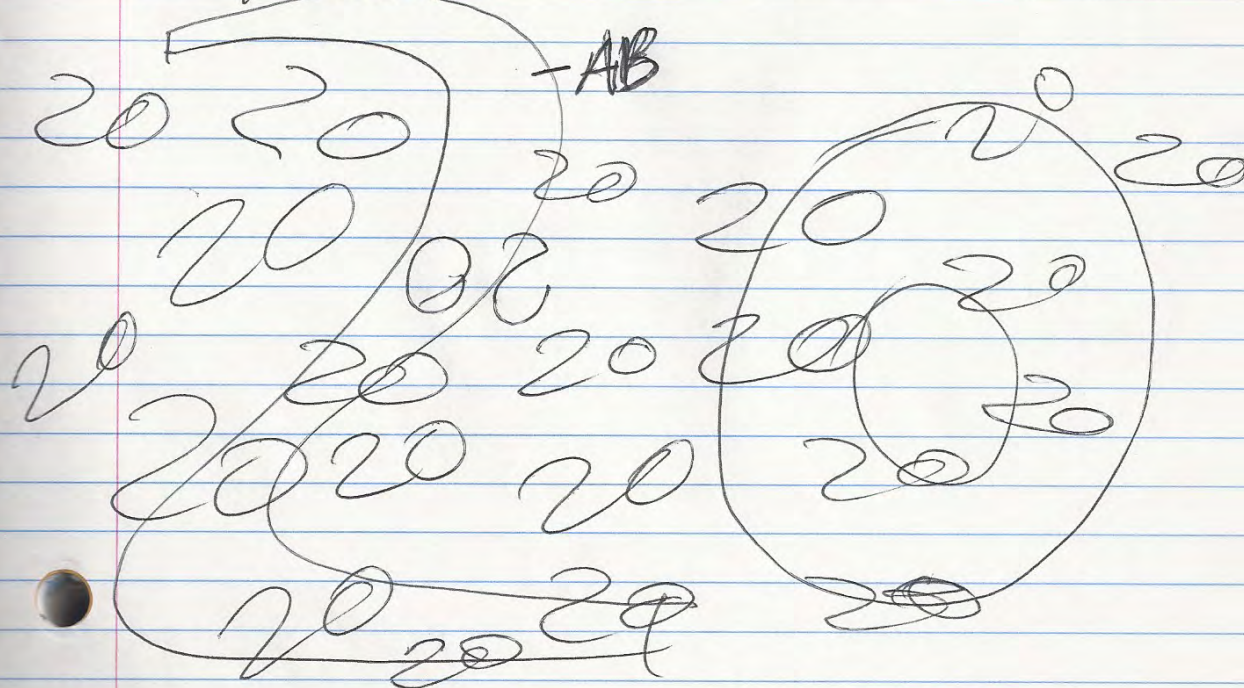


I want the smooth beautiful feminine white skin  
the slim and curvey build  
the beautiful long hair  
the sweet feminine voice  
I want it all and I  
want it now  
I'm ready for the transition  
I've been  
away from it for 24 years  
I want it all back

I lived and died a virgin; can't even say I'm surprised.  
It doesn't bother me in the slightest, Mackenere's my girl  
20 days  
20 days  
20 days  
500 hours  
that's it  
To think I've been on this Earth for over 212,000 hours.  
Hey, if you wanna hit 1,000,000 hours you'd gotta live to  
115. FUCK THAT! Ugh

I wonder how old my soul is? I could be  
1,000 years old spiritually for all I know or I could  
just be 25. I know sooner than you think.

Okay, humans gotta go. It's nearly noon; gotta  
get some dinner, have a beer, and go to bed.  
See you soon.





Saturday, May 20<sup>th</sup>, 2017

I don't want to eat anymore; I'm tired of it all. I've had it all. I don't crave anything anymore. I virtually live off of trail mix granola bars, water, pretzels, and Taco Bell/Wendy's. I don't wanna eat anymore yet my body wants it every few hours. I'm 133 lbs; been that weight for years, I don't wanna put on weight either. I wanna lose it. Losing weight would be catastrophic at this point. I have 17 days to live.

My boss (Brian) has had enough of night shift; it's literally just the two of us and Sam. I feel bad vibs leaning towards him quitting before June 7<sup>th</sup>. Ohhh please just rough it, Brian. You want a change, you'll have your change. I can assure you that.

Assuming he survives I can almost guarantee he'll quit. I wonder how long the store will be closed for. Knowing how fucking greedy Wells is they'll reopen the following day. I wanna trash the fucking place.

Outside on the patio theres a cage full of propane tanks. I'm gonna dig through the manager's desk and see if I can find the key for the lock. If I can, it'll be mass devastation. There's around 8-12 tanks in there. The key's gotta be in that desk somewhere. It'll be a lot of trial and error but I'm gonna try tonight on my break.



If I find the key, it changes everything. Imagine putting 2-3 in a shopping cart and pushing it towards someone and shooting it with a slug. KABOOM! Flesh wounds for everyone! I'm not holding my breath but I'm 75% sure that key is in there. I have a set of keys but there's no way that key is on there. Either way, the floor guy has a propane tank. Let's hope the fucker fills it.

I'm not fuckin' around; I'm going in and doing my shift for 5-10 mins and getting the hell out of this retarded fucking world. I almost don't even care about blocking all the exits. Way I see it, Victoria and Christen die, Bran and Terry get out. Whatever happens, happens; but I ain't leaving this world without bringing someone down with me... someone's gotta die.

It's sheer agony counting down the days. Each day feels slower than the last. I'm beyond ready. Life's like opening up a present the size of a big screen TV and finding a pebble at the base of it. All I ever expect is to have so much more. I'm as stressed as much as I've ever been in my life right now. I keep saying it's as if there's this dark and excruciating tightness in my chest. It's agony. Just.

FUCK! -AB



Monday, May 22<sup>nd</sup>, 2017

Does hell even exist? I don't buy it. Do other religions have a hell? I was raised Catholic but cut ties with it by college. I don't even necessarily believe in "God"; I think a Goddess created life. I stand by what I said about eternal squads; everyone belongs somewhere, spiritually. Let's say I kill two people on June 7<sup>th</sup>; I don't believe I'd be sent to 10,000 years in hell for that; not even for killing 100 people. I think it's some fairy tale people made up to reduce crime.

I don't believe Jesus Christ exists either. We have ZERO proof the Bible's even real. There's zero evidence to prove me wrong. If by some sheer twist of fate all of the Bible, Heaven, and Hell are real then so be it; I'd adapt to it.

Some souls are naturally "good"; some are naturally "evil"; and some begin "good" and become "evil" (which is what you were before you were sent here [evil]). I almost can't even tell you when the anger started building up. If I had a guess it'd be late 2013 / early 2014.



By mid 2014 I didn't want to work anymore. I constantly envisioned hurting customers.

In September I got a full-time stock job at Wilkes-Barre General Hospital but quit after the first day. It was a 2<sup>nd</sup> shift job (4-12:30am).

I just didn't fit there; the facility is enormous. There's like 16-20 some floors and the stock could be for any floor and any supply closet. I would've lost my mind by Christmas.

Guess what? You load up a cart that's like 8 ft long and 3 ft wide; when it's empty you gotta go all the back down to the basement loading dock and move and repeat. It was also so easy to get ~~lost~~ lost; twists, bends, turns, and doors behind doors to Lord knows where.

That was where I hit rock bottom (when I quit); had no money coming in. That was a few days before I filmed the opening scene of "Resurrection" with me and Ember.

In October 2014, somehow got my part-time job back at the store that week and then had the hand surgery at the end of the month. Ten months later I got offered the night shift position (full-time). Jeff signed the death warrants for Victoria and Christian that day.



So I've been a night shift manager since August 2015; almost 2 years. Anyways, I'm straying away from the point during that job search from spring 2014 through September 2014 was when I legit started thinking about suicide. The anger and hatred for the world was boiling like crazy. I got around five calls for jobs but I never answered my phone / responded to emails. I didn't want to work ANYWHERE. I took the night shift because I could still stay at the store (I hate change/moving) so it was perfect.

At first it was alright but it quickly became overwhelming with bullshit stress from management. Jay and Frank can rot in hell. The job isn't hard, it just drags on. Non-order nights feel like an eternity. I've long exhausted my music library. I listen to music for 4 out of the 8 hours that I work (8 1/2 hour shift). I even listen to my suicide tapes for hours. The best part is there's no one to bother you. I've even had shifts where it was just me and the floor guy (who leaves at 3 am) all night. It's peaceful but man do I get bored. You level the store and fill holes / do backstock on non-order nights. It gets old fast.



Whatever, 12 more shifts until it's all over. I wanted to try to test the keys out Saturday but retard Sam sprained her foot getting off the step stool. I mean HONESTLY! How fucking retarded are you??

So being they'd be looking at the cameras that morning I didn't wanna risk blowing it. The cameras don't cover the patio area but still, I wasn't taking chances. I'll do it Tuesday night. As far as blocking the exits I almost don't even care now. It all depends on where everyone's at and the size of the order. If it's big and Brian's gonna be in Able 01 for 90 mins, I'll block as many as possible because he'll be on the floor the entire time (won't crush his cardboard until the dishes done). It all depends. I might just have to improvise if he's finishing Able 2 by break. Either way, 1:35 is it. Once it's 1:35 I'm storming in with Mackenzie and Rachael. I need to see what time Victoria/Christina's break ends (or might be lunch). Can't be any longer than 1:30. I'll snoop around on Wednesday.

"Eat better"

"Spend less"

"That's well"

"Get pissed"

"Gear up"

"Have fun!"



I didn't bring the camera today but I went shooting, practiced long range this time and actually did rather well. I stood behind the table (where I missed shooting with the slugs last week). I didn't walk away with unseathed targets this time 😊. Completely split some Arizona Teq jugs in half from that distance; I was stunned. I have enough 00 Buckshot left to go out two more times. I hate buying 250 rounds because it takes a week to get here, plus like \$20 shipping, Uggghh h!

All the money that I intended to use on animators went towards ammunition; way to go you goddamn fuckers. You fucking blew it you worthless cunts. I hope you're kept up at night over this. I hope everytime you animate guns you wince with flashbacks. I was patient and nice, and you all FUCKED ME OVER. I screw off.

15 more days. It's gonna feel like a dream when it all goes down. Part of me feels like it's gonna feel like an eternity whereas the other feels like it'll feel like 2 minutes.

I'm gonna record the audio in my pocket on my iPhone. I probably won't have a chance to post it so I doubt any of you will ever hear it. Unless it gets leaked somehow.



My only goal is get in there, kill as many people as possible, damage what I can, and get off this worthless planet; THE END... I just know Brian's gonna survive; he's too far away. Unless V and C are in Aisles 9-4, he's probably getting out. It's gonna be tight mahaha. If Brian were between 19 and 8 it'd be a different story. Aisles 8 and 9 are directly in front of the main entrance (around 25-30 ft away). I expect V and C to be between 19 and 12. They've been in 18/19 the last two times I checked on their break. No matter what they're fucking dead. I won't miss, worst case scenario.

- A) Victoria is in 18 and Christian's in 19
- B) V is at one end of aisle, C at the other end
- C) They're changing aisles and see me coming

It'll take around 2 minutes to gear up and put the face paint on, and move the car to block the emergency exit by the bakery; move around 3-4 mins. I can't wait to see the looks on their faces.

One thought I had was to page everyone to an aisle and go to town there but I don't know. I would have to somehow not be seen before making the page, not happening.



That barrel is gonna be hot as fuck in my mouth (literally). That thing gets fucking hot. Probably will end up firing around 30-40 rounds. You can fit 60 rounds in mackenzie CS in the magazine and one in the chamber; Rachael might hold 8, I can't remember. Gonna pack some less recoil slugs for whatever. I don't give a fuck what gets shot.

All I know is I'm bookin' it to try and get Brian; he's the jackpot and grand prize. Way I see it, 25% chance he dies. I'm gonna have the time of my life after those first few shots are fired. It's a fucking free for all.

As far as the massacre video, I'm so over animation. I can't do it anymore. I don't have the will nor the patience. It's 85% done. Ugh I don't wanna touch it anymore. Fucking 5 months of staring at that shit and it's nothing spectacular, it just is what it is. Alright. bed time for Andrew. Good night, humans.

Alan Plaze

AB



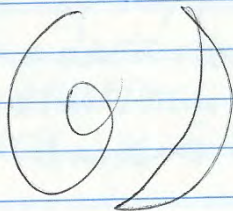
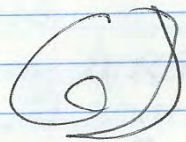
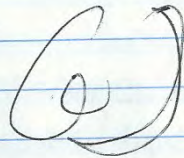
wednesday, May 24<sup>th</sup>, 2017

No go on the keys, 4ggghhhh... one on my  
key ring fit perfectly but couldn't unlock it. oh well...  
blummer... Plan B then; gonna load up a cart full  
of those little propane cans and throw a shit load  
of lighter fluid containers in there. There's a gas  
can in the back as well... we'll see... might not have  
time for that...

~~I filmed~~

I filmed some awesome shots yesterday with the  
shotguns (gearing up). Felt great returning to my  
roots with the video camera. I'd write more but  
I'm fucking exhausted... Two weeks tonight... and I'll  
be dead... unreal...

AB





Friday, May 26<sup>th</sup>, 2017

I can't do this anymore. I'm physically and mentally exhausted. I can't animate anymore. My body is quitting. I even slept for 10 hours and can't move. I'm dying. I just don't care anymore. I'm ready to let go of everything. I'll do some more shots in Flash when I'm up for it over the next 12 days, but if the project has holes in it, I don't even care. I'm throwing in the towel. I did what I could. I'm gonna rest for most of this morning and probably shoot later. I don't know. I'm ready to die in 12 days. I'll make it, but it's gonna be tough.

It definitely feels like the end too. Every night it sinks in more and more. It's an indescribable feeling. I feel so weak. Everything stresses me now. Even the humans I appreciate everything just SUCKS. My mind is now a never ending train that chugging down the tracks at mach 5. It's like having ADD & 100 things always being said. Song lyrics are constantly on repeat, singing in my head. I want it to stop. I'm so fucking weak, humans, so weak. I don't want to eat anymore ~~either~~ either. I'm physically and mentally dying. I'm tired of fighting the world and in 12 days it'll all be over. I'm 98% of the way there. I just wanna sit under a blanket in a dark room. I'm fading fast. No energy. No motivation. No nothing. All I care about now are my girls. That's it. I'm just done.

AB



Sunday, May 28<sup>th</sup>, 2017

I did one last good deed for my mom today by treating her to Olive Garden for lunch, my brother too. It's crazy to think that this is most likely my last legit restaurant meal, fast food doesn't count. I had chicken Scampi and salad with two Miller Lites; amazing. Me and mom were there (my brother stayed home), and we laughed and joked like we always do. It was nice. It was the first time I ever treated her to a restaurant.

I can't stop counting down the days, it's like waiting for a bomb to go off. Me and mom went up to the shooting range and replaced the board that ~~it~~ was shooting targets off of. That thing was blown to shreds by Mackenzie and Raehael. You can see the supports start to sag and give in the last shooting video from Friday.

That guy was up there again; turns out he's Jason's father. He's like, "You're the kid I saw on Friday. I went to your uncle and was like this kid was **BLASTING** off ammunition like crazy." Damn right I was ~~horrible~~! My uncle's house is literally 50 yards behind the shooting stand; Jason and his dad grow crops off to the side of the range. Guess how's when they're up there every day.



As I said in the recordings, I'm getting bored of it now. I think I'm done practicing. It's time for the real deal. 11 more nights in that's it. It's so weird knowing you're gonna be dead in a week and a half. You interpret the subtlest things so differently.

I'm ready. and I know my heart's gonna be racing around midnight that night. but all it takes is a brief moment of thought of the BGS and I'm ready to go. I've played everyone perfectly up to this point; they don't suspect a thing. I'm probably going to have to insert some animatics into the massacre video because I'm just at the point now where I just don't care anymore. Laura hasn't even emailed me since Tuesday, and she said she was gonna try and get the rest of the files to me that evening. Sure, big surprise in whatever, I like Laura so it's okay. but dammit, I'm up against the clock here.

I listen to my suicide tapes every night at work, even more than music now (when I'm there). I like hearing myself talk, one thing I do a lot is go into excruciating detail on things, but the reason for that is so you know exactly what it's I'm talking about took place (because I'll be dead and won't be able to answer your questions about it). That's why I go so in-depth with details, I've always done that for that very reason. I knew in 2012 I'd be dead by 2018.



I can't believe today marks the start of my final week on Earth alive. It's surreal. I need to make every night count. The biggest thing left to do is write a will to my parents, because I have so much shit that can't just get "thrown away"; I also wanna record a video for them, which I'll include in the suicide tapes folder; I know there's people who would wanna see that. This week is b/c it's the final home stretch. Everything needs to be in order by next Monday morning at the latest. This is it. I can't believe it.

The schedule for that week should be up soon, so I gotta be 100% sure everyone's there that night. It's pretty funny, for the video I loaded Mackenere and Raehael on film and since then Raehael's been laying loaded under my bed. The safety's on but I'm just waiting to wake up or come home to a hole in the wall from a discharge hahaha. I originally kept Mackenere under there in case someone wanted to see the shotgun for whatever reason. I swapped them after 2 weeks or so. I would've lied by saying I went to the dealer and bought a shorter barrel; guarantee they would've believed it.

The hardest part is gonna be getting M and Raeh and the ammunition in the car unnoticed. I might have to do it on Tuesday, load it up that is.



I would NEVER risk carrying it all out the night of; that's foolish. 80% of the time my mom's in the kitchen or living room (ABOUT 20 or 10 ft from the front door). I'll have to figure out their schedules for that week. As I said, maybe I'll have to put it in the car all day Tuesday AND Wednesday. I could just throw it in the trunk. That's the safest bet.

That night I'll quickly go down to the shed and gather the two propane tanks. I think they're both half full. I'll cover them with a winter coat in the car so Brian doesn't see them. The guns can stay in the trunk. It's gonna be hard but I wanna bring in those propane tanks in one shopping cart and bring out a gas tank from the back room (that's pushing it though). The best place to shoot them is in Aisle 12 where the mini propane cans and lighter fluid products are. KABOOM! I'll really need to keep my distance for that. It's gonna blow the roof off. Yeah, fuck the gas can, that's plenty. The good news is Aisle 12 is very close to the main entrance (4 aisles away). The adrenals are gonna be flowing like crazy. I probably won't even feel the kick from the shotguns. I'm so fucking excited for this. The only shitty thing is having to do it all so fast and by myself. Sigh. 11 more nights and I'm home free.

-AB



Monday, May 29<sup>th</sup>, 2017

I can't wait to be a fuckin' girl again. I can't get the thoughts off my mind. Every time I see hot girls I say "I used to have that" in my head. I guess you can say I think about dying and being female just as much, if not more than the average male human thinks about sex; gotta be more at this stage of the game.

I'm hardly nervous about dying at this point. I'd be full of shit if I said I was fearless about doing it, but every night I accept it more and more. Every night another part of me dies. I'm letting go of things. The future is officially closed shut now; nothing's left in store for me alive on Earth.

I've also accepted the massacre video will be unfinished. I'm just done with animation. I'll add some animatics in there and call it a night. I'll do that throughout the week so you can see ~~what~~ what I intended to do by September.

The essential stuff is on the meditative page now except these journal entries; they'll be fast to go. Still gonna dig through my hard drives some more and see what's left that's essential.



I don't really believe in channeling spirits but I'd love for someone to try and channel me after I'm dead. You know, like that channeling Erik channel? Message her and make it happen, guys! I'll have so much to say on the other side.

My soul is forever young (never grown up). I'm forever destined to be 16-19, spiritually. I have a female voice too. I can't wait to get back home. uggghhhh, I'm sooo close. I can guarantee you I'll hug Mackenzie for 5 minutes when I see her. I hope Rachael is there too. I don't know for sure which BGS characters are real and which ones are only made up in my head. They could all be real for all I know. I hope. Could you imagine if Victoria was in the squad unaware she's going back after I kill her? That'd be sweet.

I wish I could know how much media attention this shooting will get. I hope a shitload. If anything it would help open people's eyes.

Part of me still doesn't believe that I'm about to do this in 9 days. As I said, it doesn't take much to get me motivated for it. Once that first shot is fired I'll probably rapidly lose complete control of my sanity and emotions, laughing at the devastation. That facility's kicked by ass for 7 years and now it's my turn, bitch.



I see cops passing the store on the road every once in a while. There's a police station like 2 miles from there. I guarantee Brian will get a call out; part of me hopes so you can hear it on the tape. I'm gonna record it all anyway but that would NEVER air. I'd have no time to send it anywhere.

I hope I inspire more shootings, big or small. This is pretty small scaled but alone it's decent. That order better be fucking decent that night. I need pallets to block those fucking doors, man! I hope Weis loses 50-75% of its customers after this and goes out of business there. I hope people feel uneasy and vulnerable in there after this. As of right now, Weis Markets is officially Columbo High School.

I'm gonna destroy Victoria's head. She'll be completely beyond recognition. I want Brian to die the fastest; he's been through enough. But I still see him surviving. Wish I had longer range weapons but being there's so many displays in there, it'd be just as hard as shooting slugs across the building; there's hardly any clear shots. I fucking hope I shoot Victoria first. With each shot I'll feel release and spiritually closer to going home. I need to be fast so no one gets away or hides; I don't have the time to search 4-5 department storage, coolers (behind the counters); deli, seafood, bakery, meat, produce.



I'm fucking fast but finding two people would be a bitch. It's all up to fate; I could plan this for 45 years and still have something unexpected happen. Hahaha, could you imagine me as a 70 year old? No... ~~FUCK THAT!~~

If it's possible I'd love to meet dead celebs. Freddie Mercury, John Lennon, George Harrison, Elvis Presley (might be alive ~~th~~), Kevin Dubrow, Wes Craven, Ryan Dunn, Robin Williams, Leslie Nielsen, Janis Joplin, Eric Harris, Dylan Klebold, Adam Lanza, Lee Harvey Oswald, Timothy McVeigh, Rachel Scott (Columbine victim). I'm probably forgetting some fave's but that's all I have for now. Gotta get some sleep... Good night...

-AB



Saturday, June 3<sup>rd</sup>, 2017

I am two seconds away from murdering Laura.  
I sent you the Rachael files in the first week  
of fucking March and you STILL haven't recorded it  
all! The videos going out Wednesday night and  
now you've ignored me for an entire week.  
If you screw me on this Laura, I'll haunt  
you in your fucking sleep. I thought you  
were cool in but you're just as worthless  
as everyone else on this putrid planet.  
seriously, thanks for nothing! I'd ask  
for my money back but guess what?

I'm fucking dying Wednesday  
night! You're an unreliable  
cunt bitch, Laura! I trusted  
you! I was patient but  
JUST FUCK OFF!

You make me feel like I  
don't even fucking matter!

Thanks for nothing!



I'm fucking done with EVERYONE!  
SIT your fucking throats!  
You're worthless! Can a  
Reva, the animators,  
Damian, EVERYONE  
CAN FUCK OFF!  
You're so goddamn "busy"  
aren't ya?? You're fucking  
pathetic. Thanks for ruining  
my final production you  
good for nothing curts!



I still have some respect  
<sup>not anymore, they can die</sup>  
for you but you fucking  
blew it. Damn it, get  
the fuck off your ass and  
get a "REAL" job. You're  
a worthless lazy sack of  
shit. A fucking MONTH  
to record what... like 8  
lines??! Not even! Like  
3 lines. LOTR EVER!

I hope you ruin yourself  
in the next 3 1/2 years.



I hardly I put ~~FUCK!~~

I'm done, I'm fucking done  
I'm gonna add animations in there  
and just fucking call it.

Thanks for nothing!

I wrote loving/caring emails  
for you's (Damian/Laura) but  
now I feel like I wasted  
an hour of my life typing them  
Damian I can still forgive and  
respect but Laura I paid for  
voice overs. ~~FUCK OFF!~~



I'm done. I need to go to bed  
for the 5<sup>th</sup> to last time. I can't stand  
relying on people. Makes you feel  
like you don't even fucking matter.  
seriously, Laura. 2 1/2 months  
and ~~not~~ not even 85% of the  
VO recorded/sent? You're  
worthless. Good fuckin  
night!

AB  
Andy  
Bry



Monday, June 5<sup>th</sup>, 2017

This will be my last entry... I need to finish up everything and get it all uploaded by tomorrow afternoon. Laura fucking screwed me over with Rachael's voice over; still missing the rhyming portion. Pucker hasn't emailed me back for over 12 days. She's fucking dead. 2 1/2 months of being patient and you fuck me over like that??! Drop fucking dead...

I'm so ready to die. Two more full nights and that's it. I've officially accepted that Wednesday night will be the death of me. Everything around me seems to have faded away. It's felt as if I'm the last soul alive on this planet for the last week... I see people but they feel like an illusion. I've never felt so distant from society... and I love it. Nothing feels the same anymore; my perspectives on everything are different.

I wish I started writing this journal back in 2013... so many things have changed... I've never felt so close to returning back to my spiritual body... the girl in me is clawing to get out. 62 more hours... that's the only thing standing in my way... I can almost feel Mackenzie holding me in her arms...



You will never fully understand the desire to be who you truly are. I need my spiritual body back. I'd kill my entire family if I was forced to. I just know I'll be in the deepest state of bliss when I get back to that body. I know Mackenzie will be there. Rachael will be there. maybe Froggy too. All of that pressure, stress, and tension will be lifted.

I'll be looking down at those who I've inspired, and look to seeing what you create in your lives. Don't ever forget about me. promise me that, I'll haunt your dreams if you drift away from me. I'll be there for you if you truly believe in me. I can promise you that.

You don't need fancy gadgets to make something awesome; you just need your will, passion, and determination. Don't force creative inspiration; let it come naturally. Patience goes a long way. I know how hard it is to work on big projects and having to spend months to a year of time on it. It's never easy.

I hope I've brought a smile to your face at some point in your lives; whether it be on Pioneers Productions, gaming videos, Ember's Ghost Squad, in person, or even just through simple social media messages.



I'll never forget those who changed my life. I  
can't thank you all enough. Maybe I'll see some of  
you's soon. Remember, life can always be worse;  
somewhere out there there's always someone  
worse off than you. Hopefully you'll be able to  
rediscover yourselves through simpler times.  
It's time for me to go. Thank you. I'll always  
remember you. Farewell. - *Chris*



*Chris*  
*Rage*

-06/05/17

#EGS